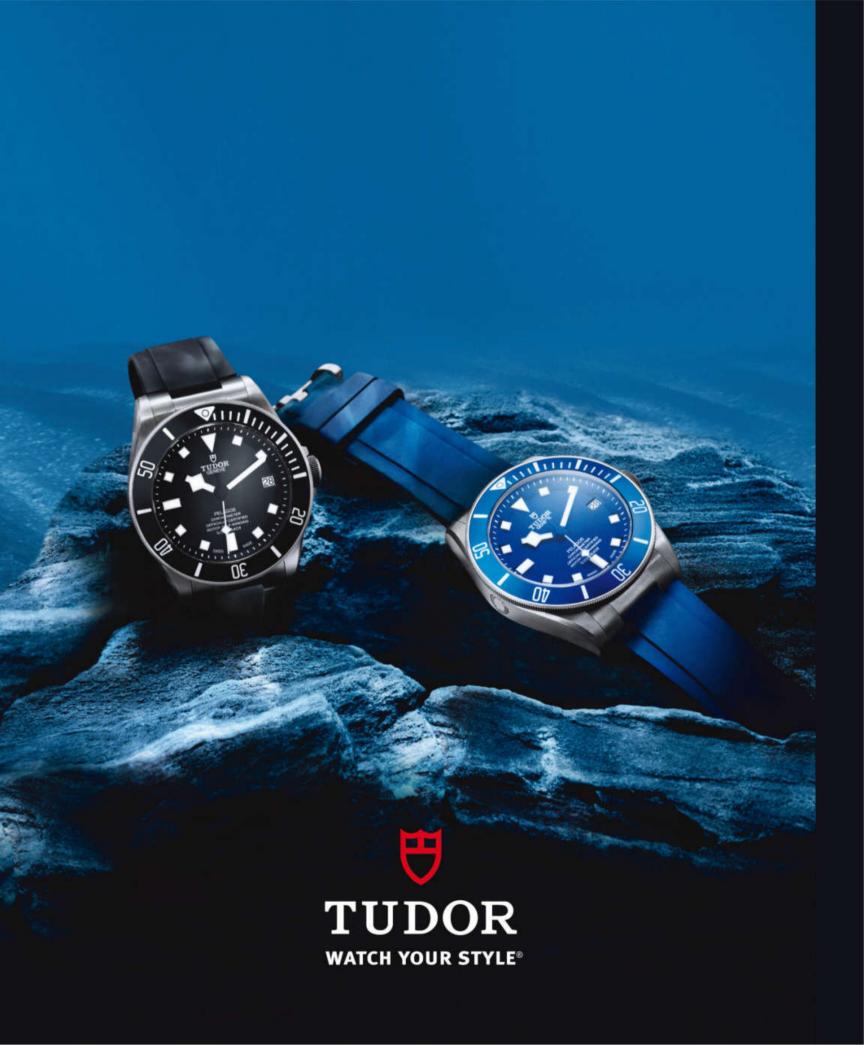




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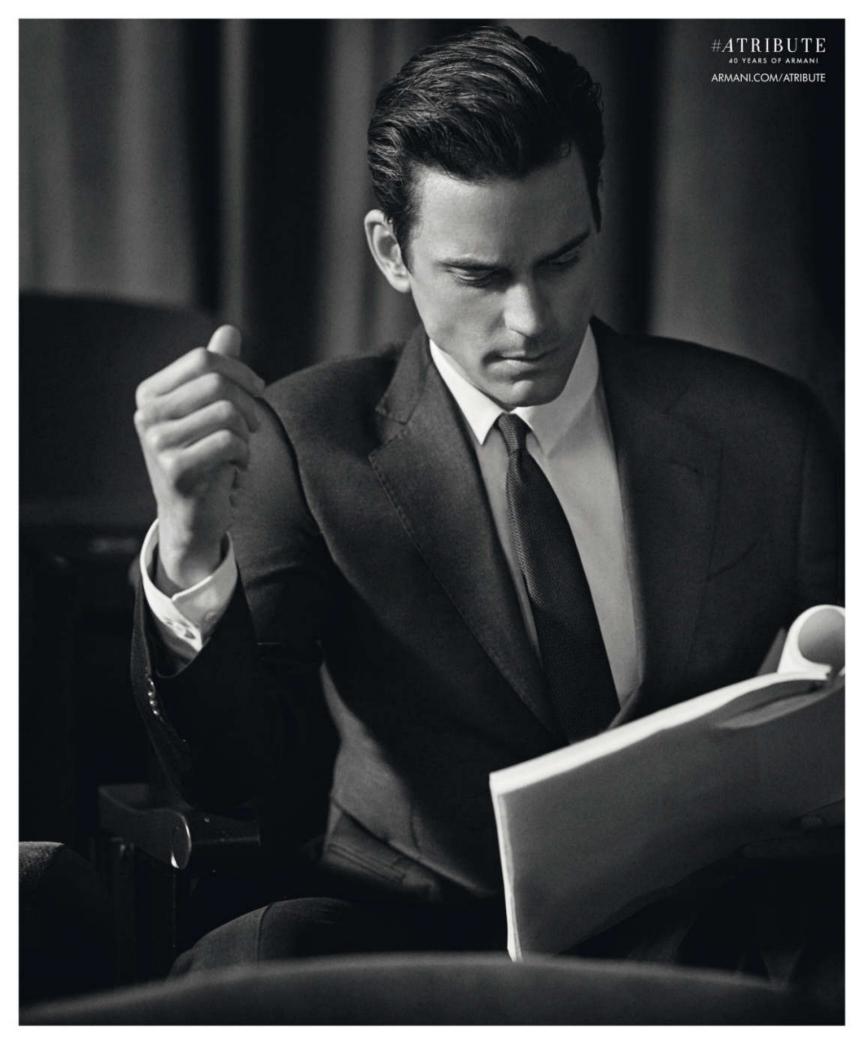


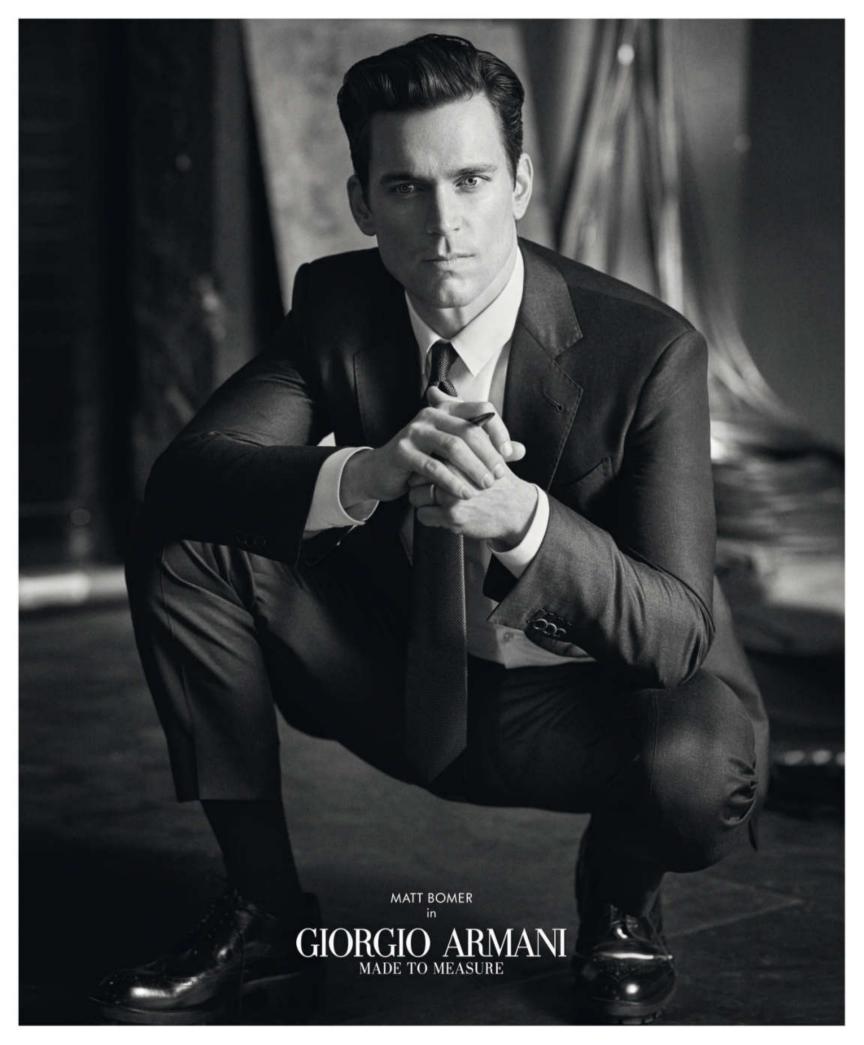


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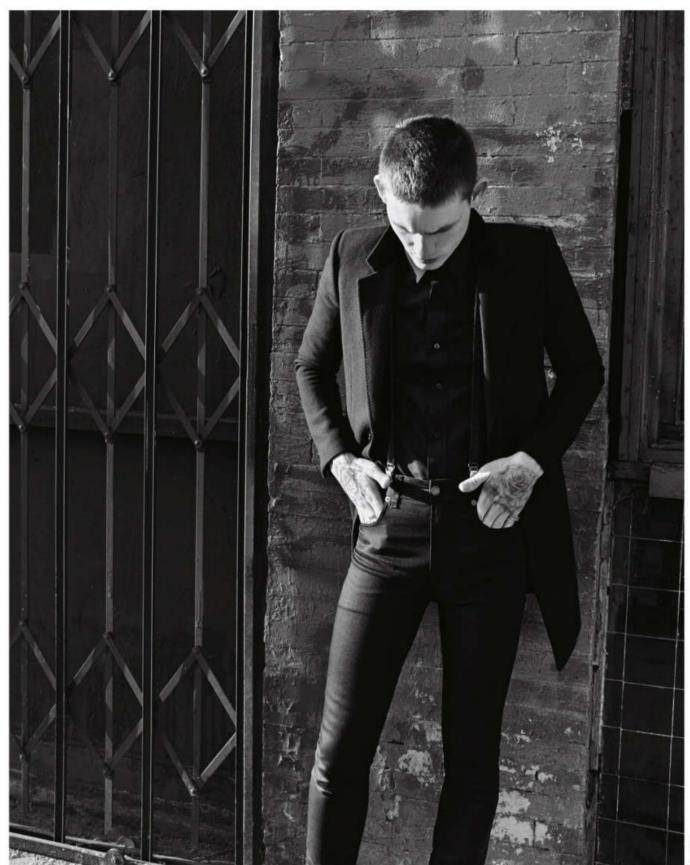








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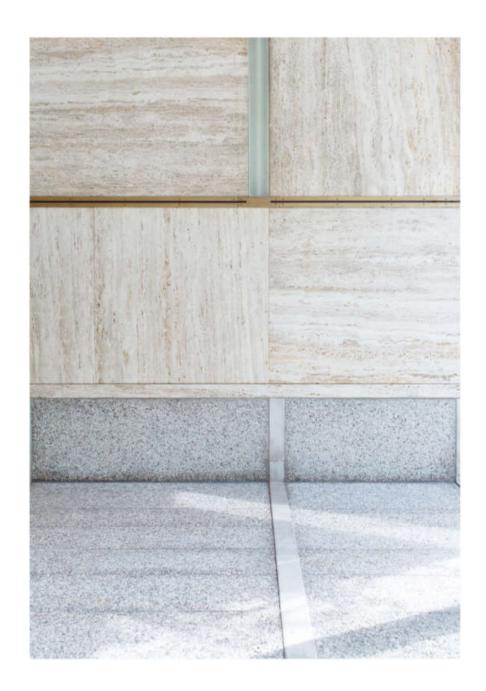






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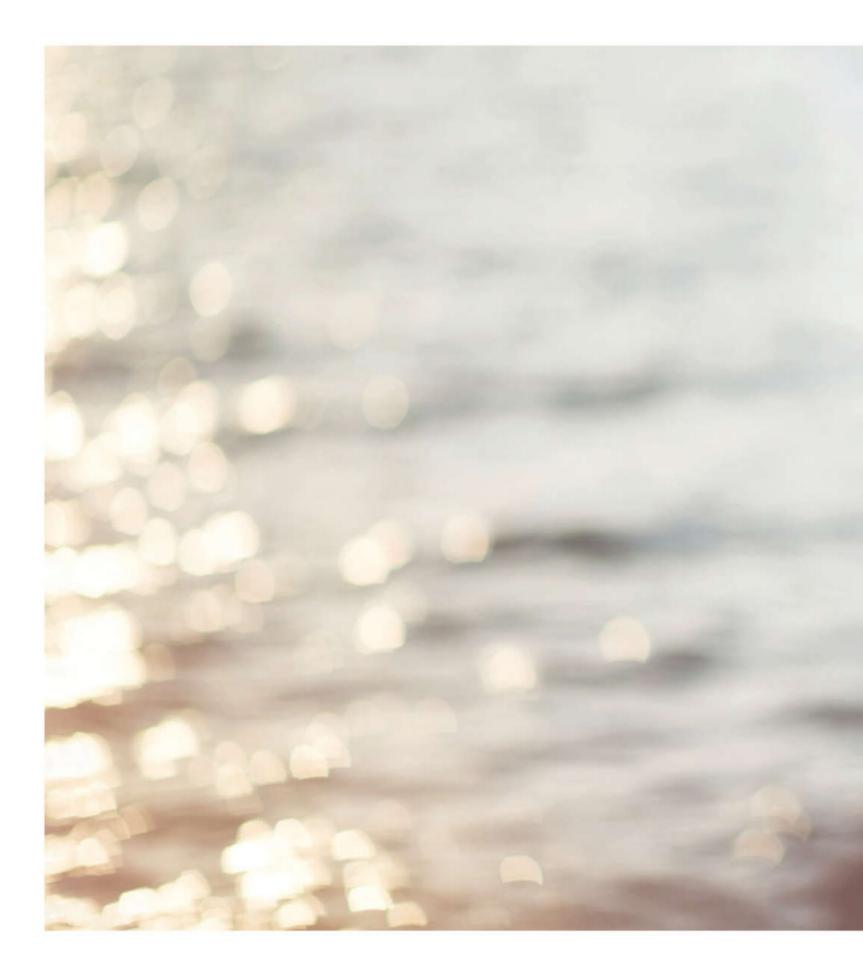






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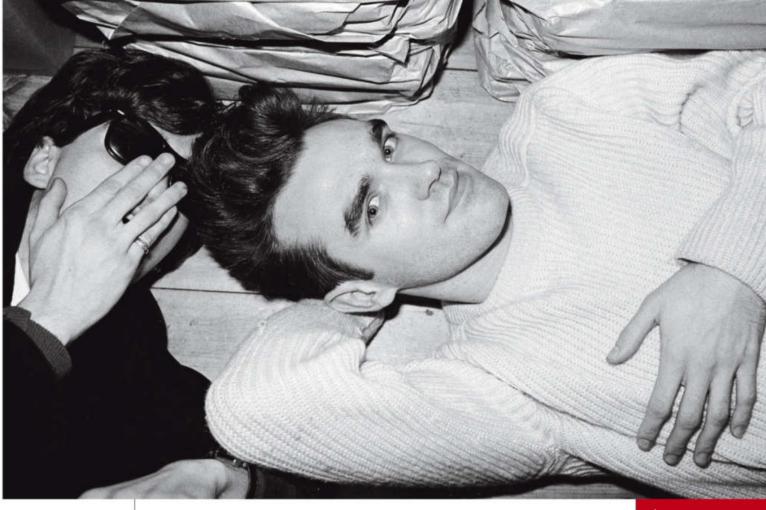
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### THE INFLUENCERS THE **SMITHS** P. 132

• The Smiths oozed style, but their clothes were so simple they bordered on nondescript. (You could argue the band was normcore thirty years before normcore.) In this issue, we celebrate Morrissey and Johnny Marr's effortless lookand teach you how to get it.





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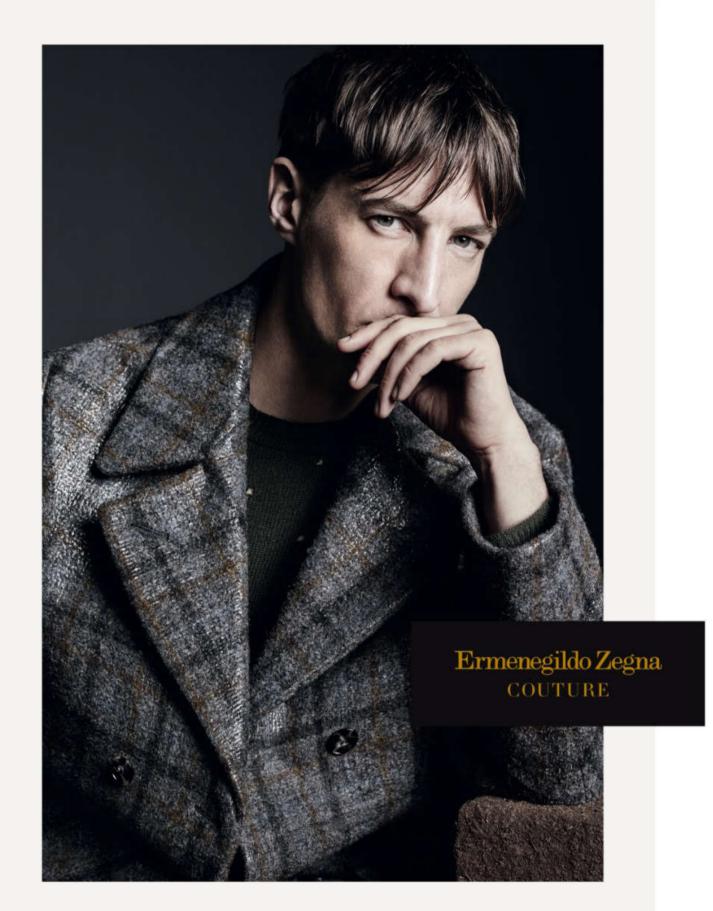




## TO THE FUTURE!

(We'll Just Pack a Few Things from the Past)

WE LIKE TO THINK of *GO Style* as a tool. It's a reference manual for how to wear the clothes you own in a new way, a cheat sheet for problems like what the hell to wear to work, a shopping guide for the next time you and your bank card need to let off some steam... In a pinch, it can even be a flat surface for rolling a joint. (We saw that on Instagram once. We felt proud and also helpful!) ¶ But no matter how you use this tool, the reason we print a new one every season is because style is always changing. Morphing. Evolving. The look of this moment is never the same as that of the last moment or the next. ¶ The move this fall isn't to dress like you've just wandered out of the wardrobe department of an AMC period drama; it's to look like you've emerged from a top-secret textile lab wearing the clothes of the future. The aesthetic is sleeker and sportier. (There's a whole chapter on *Star Wars* here for a reason.) You want to strip it down, not dandy it up. ¶ But even as we begin to dress for the future, the foundation still comes from the past. So in this issue, alongside innovative pieces like sneakerboots and green leather hoodies, you'll see classic man-staples like plaid suits, shearling coats, and old-school foulard ties. ¶ The idea behind the clothes in this issue—and behind *GQ Style* in general—isn't to scrap your whole wardrobe every season and start over. It's to take stock of where you've been, take measure of where you're going—and insist on evolving as you march forward.









Ermenegildo Zegna COUTURE



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NO.

PLAID: MORE THAN A FAD

## This Year's Power Suit



▶ So you're ready for a new fall suit—and you've decided to let the other guys look like corporate drones. Right this way, sir: Let us show you a whole new generation of bigger, bolder plaids. You can choose a brazen exploded one that has enough voltage to power Shanghai. Or go with a dark, broody shadow plaid that will alter the mood in your conference room (without getting you written up for a dress-code violation). Best part? They're all way easier to pull off than you think

### KINGPIN SUIT, REGULAR-GUY PRICE

A plaid suit always looks expensive, even when it's not. The one **Idris Elba** wears is from Suitsupply, one of the many new-school labels that deliver Stringer Bell suits on a Jimmy McNulty budget.

Suit Suitsupply



If you think these suits are too fusty and Prince Charles-y for you, consider the case of the Sex Pistols frontman Johnny Rotten in 1978. Mr. Rotten wore his with a popped collar, a slouchy jacket, and a pocket hankie that hung halfway to his belt. You can flip your own plaid twopiece on its head by pairing it with running sneakers, a beanie, or just a simple tee.





### **KNOW YOUR PLAIDS**



### GLEN PLAID

 Named after country singer Glen Campbell (just kidding), it's the boxy monochromatic pattern on the Dior model at left.



### PRINCE OF WALES

• The swaggier cousin of glen plaid has a thread of color (often blue but sometimes orange) running through the pattern.



### BLACK WATCH

• It started on the kilts of the tough Gaelic motherfuckers who patrolled the eighteenth-century Scottish Highlands.



### DOUBLE WINDOWPANE

 Our buddy Clint is wearing one of these on the previous page. It's a larger-scale pattern with attitude.



### Discover Your Plaid Personality

KRIS VAN ASSCHE, artistic director of Dior Homme, explains how to shop for your own

44

If you feel good with a loud plaid, just go for it. If you're not as comfortable with patterns, go for a quieter option. When buying a plaid suit—as with any kind of suit, actually—you should always feel at ease."



GQ STYLE FALL + WINTER 2015

A VERY SOLID WAY TO STYLE YOUR NEW PLAID SUIT Because they're bold on their own, plaid suits make the rest of getting dressed a breeze. Solid shirts and sweaters are as fancy as you need to get. If you just can't kick your pocket-square addiction, reach for the simplest one you have.



### THE ONES TO GET











FALL + WINTER 2015 GQ STYLE GO TREND 2 - PAGE 73

### Do You Really Need a Huge New Coat? (Of Kors You Do) Parka king MICHAEL KORS

makes the case



44

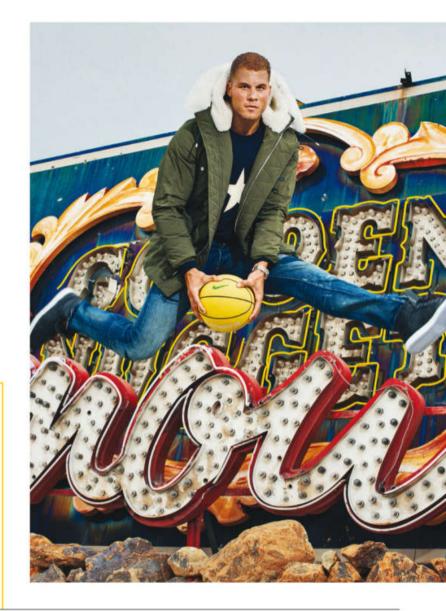
The best things a guy can have in his closet are pragmatic but also indulgent. A fur-trimmed parka is both of these. What else will keep you warm and make you look like Jean-Claude Killy schussing down the slopes?"

### **BLIZZARD BEATER**

When you're an L.A. guy, like Clippers
All-Star **Blake Griffin**, a parka is the one thing that can make hopping to snow-pummeled cities like Detroit and Minneapolis bearable.

Parka Dior Homme

▶ What good is the perfect suit if you end up freezing to death in it? They're gonna bury you in that thing, man. That's why stylish men on Madison Avenue are wearing parkas over everything—including their suits. Look for one with a lifesaving (and fancy-looking) fur hood. When the snow is blowing sideways, it'll look more Sir Edmund Hillary and less Lil' Kim



WHEN SH\*T GETS ARCTIC

# The Business-Ready Parka



### THE ONES TO GET



WHERE THE SOUTH POLE MEETS SOHO

Yeah, they're functional enough to be survival gear. But heavy-duty parkas have become staples on the streets of chilly (but, c'mon, not that chilly)

New York, where the main thing you're surviving is extortionate juice prices.











GQ STYLE FALL + WINTER 2015

### HOW TO WEAR IT

### Wherever You Go, Bring the Heat



You might not think to pair a techy parka with your slimmest, sharpest suit. But please believe: The clash is exactly what makes this move fresh.

Even if you like your outerwear loud (in case you get caught in a snowdrift), you can still wear it over a suit of any color.

But make sure you square away the fit. If your suit jacket hangs below the hem of your parka, you've got either the wrong size parka or the wrong size suit. (Or–gasp!–both.)

Dark colors aren't just for goths anymore. In fact, blended blacks and grays now look more sophisticated than scary.

One trick with the all-dark-colors look? Vary the textures: A superwoolly turtleneck works great with a techy down jacket.

You want your coat long enough to keep your ass warm and dry, but the hem shouldn't drop below the knee.
Anything lower is Keanu-in-The Matrix territory.



NO.

IF KURT COBAIN HAD A CUBICLE

. . . . . .

# Totally Un-Grungy Flannel

Never mind all those '90s grunge associations—**the flannel shirt has been recut as a business shirt.** That means: high-end fabric that looks right with a suit, a slim 2015 fit, office-ready patterns like gingham, and even a spread collar that can take a tie. There's also a practical reason to get a couple of these into your rotation this fall and winter: They're way warmer than cotton



### DON'T GET A TICKET FROM THE FASHION SHERIFF

Do what Officer McConaughey says and stop wearing sad, blousy, boring blue dress shirts. It's a crime against stylishness, man.

Shirt\_AllSaints

GQ STYLE FALL + WINTER 2015

### YOUR FAVORITE SHIRT JUST GOT FLANNELIZED

No matter your dress-shirt persuasion—button-down collars, spread collars, stripes, plaids, or ginghams—there is now a cozier, comfier, totally winterized flannel version out there waiting for you.



THE ONES TO GET





Shirt\_Eton: \$265



Shirt\_Ralph Lauren: \$495 Tie\_Boss: \$275



Shirt\_**Haxby**: \$345 Tie\_**The Tie Bar**: \$19





### **Dress Naturally**

Forgive us for getting all Emily Brontë on you, but we can't help observing that every color here occurs in nature at this time of year. That's part of why this look feels right. We only hope the snowy white of those Adidas holds off as long as possible.

Sports jacket\_**Bottega** Veneta: \$970

Sweater\_Dunhill: \$310 Shirt\_Michael Bastian: \$475

Sweatpants\_Belstaff:

\$350

Sneakers\_Adidas by Raf Simons Hat\_Paul Smith Accessories Watch\_Timex

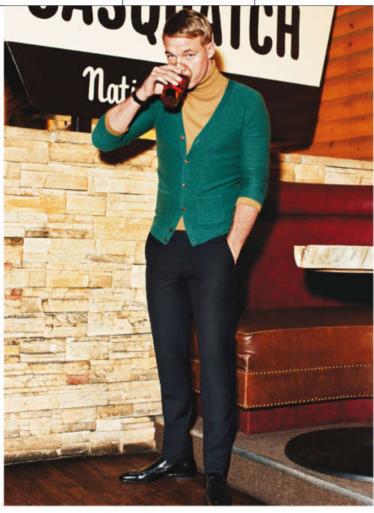
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On those insecure mornings when you're just not sure you can pull off in-between colors like this one—which we'll call, um, Rusty Creamsicle—close your eyes and picture Pulp frontman Jarvis Cocker. Now conjure the same nofucks-given attitude, open your eyes, and walk out the door with confidence

▶ Back in the 1970s, people dressed in the colors they saw outside. Every suit was warm yellow or burnt orange. Browns and maroons ran rampant. Yes, the Ron Burgundy era drove that look into the ground, but now designers like Bottega Veneta and Gucci have revived it. After a few decades' worth of beauty rest, all those **fall shades** look fresh again—especially when you mix them together



GIRLS LOVE DJS WHO DON'T DRESS LIKE DJS

Just because **Diplo** earns his fortune making girls twerk doesn't mean he's got to dress like a stripclub bouncer or a white rapper or that EDM dude with the dumb mouse mask. (Sorry, dude with the dumb mouse mask.) This green-and-tan combo is worlds away from the typical club kid's uniform.

Cardigan\_Band of
Outsiders
Turtleneck and pants\_
Emporio Armani

MOTHER NATURE KNOWS BEST

# Fall Colors Are Back in Season



### THE ONES TO GET



If all you wear is black and gray, you're going to be sick of your clothes long before spring breaks. These colors will keep your wardrobe feeling fresh as a daisy until the flowers finally come back.

Bottega Veneta: \$590





Burberry Prorsum: \$1,595













### HOW TO WEAR IT



Think of this as the updated version of your grandpa's vintage yellow slicker-same bright punch, but in a mellower shade of orange.

Maybe you've heard that orange and red don't "go together." But the cool part of this autumnal thing comes from defying all those old, lame rules.

Black shoes would look totally fine here. But caramel brogues will turn this pretty-damngood look into great.

A green blazer ain't just for Augusta winners. In a military shade like this, it'll give your trustiest navy jacket about half the season off.

You don't have to show the whole shirt to get bonus style points for having a rad plaid. Just the collar sticking out is enough.

The all-star utility player of any modern fall lineup: a slim-fitting gray sweatshirt.



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NO.

FEEL THE BURNISH

# The Return of the Banker Shoe







### How'd They Get Those Shoes to Look Like That?

\* Traditionally, burnishing refers to the way shoemakers use hot metal or coarse brushes to quickly age leather. These days, however, not all shoemakers employ such old-school methods. As Zach Jobe, manager at N.Y.C.'s The Armoury, puts it, "Some companies now use a dark shoe cream on a cloth or actually paint on the color at the toe. But top-tier companies like Edward Green get their leather only partially finished, then they burnish it, then they deepen the color with a dark polish."

As the workplace dress code gets increasingly loosey-goosey and casual, it's up to you to kick some class back into the office. **Burnished dress shoes** are the way. They've been a calling card for Italian businessmen forever, and they recently got a revamp by every menswear designer who knows his leather. These days you can pair them with suits or jeans, which means you can wear them twice as often as Grandpappy used to. And they'll come with a World War II-era patina he'd appreciate

### THE ONES TO GET



WARNING: YOUR
SNEAKERS MIGHT
DEVELOP A COMPLEX

The good news about burnishing is that it looks great in every color and on every dress-shoe style. The bad news? All of your sneakers and non-burnished lace-ups now have very precarious job security.

O'Keeffe: \$950



Ralph Lauren: \$995



Ermenegildo Zegna: \$1,295







friends they're a family heirloom.

### THE INFLUENCERS

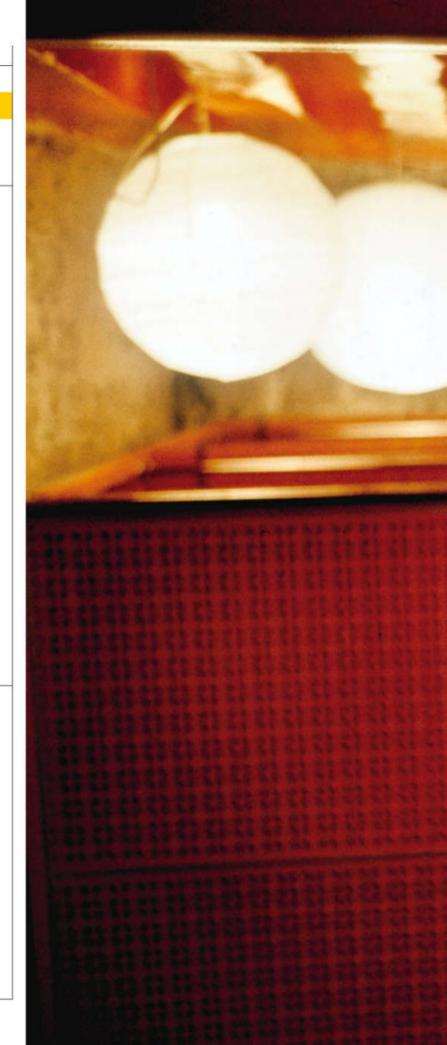
The Men Who Inspired This Season's Look

# Yves Saint Laurent (the Man, Not the Mark)

▶ In his heyday, he understood modern women better than they understood themselves. But MICHAEL HAINEY argues that the monumental French designer with the three most famous initials in fashion dressed nobody better than he dressed himself

### PROOF THAT A MAN CAN BE

The Saint Laurent line is now known for toothpick jeans and leather jackets, but YSL himself preferred suits so elevated they felt regal.







FALL + WINTER 2015 PAGE 87



VES SAINT LAURENT spent his life working in the fashion business, but the man made no secret of the fact that he hated "fashion." He believed only in style. And his ability to divine the difference between the two is what made him a genius. "Fashions pass," he liked to say. "Style is eternal."

If you are a man who must dress for work—suit and tie—Yves Saint Laurent should be your patron saint. And if you *don't* have to suit up every day, well, Monsieur Saint Laurent will make you *want* to—will make you understand that stepping into a suit and tie (and wearing it the right way, as an *individual*) is not just the most sophisticated, creative move a man can make. It's also increasingly the most radical.

In 2015, the dress code for a man is as fractured as ever; you can go sockless to the opera and eat a four-star dinner in a T-shirt and jeans. Paradoxically, then, choosing to wear a suit becomes a real act of subversion. For many men, the suit is no longer a Monday-to-Friday straitjacket but rather a statement of their personality. And the statement says: "This is *my* personal style. I *like* the way a suit feels." Yves knew that some men will always stride a little more confidently in a suit, will always want that feeling.

He wore his own clothes—even his suits—with the subtle, individual flair of an artist. The man hated sloppiness. He may have worn his hair long, but it was kempt. He knew jewelry gave a man an air of sophistication. He had those eyeglass frames—the perfect balance of dramatic and discreet, with enough suggestion of bookish bohemia to make you look twice—and he was never without his supremely elegant Cartier Tank watch. There are photos of him through the years,

### PATENT YOUR STYLE

Whether it's a thick pair of frames or a haircut that never changes, you don't need your own designer monogram to have a trademark look.

### LIFE ISN'T ALL BLACK AND WHITE

And your wardrobe shouldn't be, either. Yves kept things simple, but he knew when and how to flash some color. maybe one of him reaching for a sketch or another of him directing a model, his arm outstretched, and there it is, the watch. The fancy watch and the shaggy hair, the impeccable suit and the hipster glasses—it's the contradictions that made the look his own, and that make those photos feel so modern today.

I've always believed true style emerges when a man is not only aware of his roots but remains true to them. Embraces them. Especially the paradoxes that are so often in our roots. The trick is in finding



comfort even in the parts of your identity that, as a younger man, you might've rebelled against. If you can see your past as a source of stability, a foundation from which you can evolve, you are miles ahead of other guys. Certainly that was Yves Saint Laurent. As he said years later, looking back on his life, "The greatest change came when I discovered my own style, without being influenced by others." It's almost too easy these days to forget how transformative an individual Saint Laurent was—or even that he's truly gone, having died in 2008. Long before Hedi Slimane was given dominion in 2012 over the house Yves founded in 1962, there was Saint Laurent himself.

He had grown up in Oran, a city in Algeria, back when Algeria was still part of the French colonial empire. His ancestors had escaped the Prussian invasion of France in 1870, and in their new land they were among the *pieds-noirs*, or "black feet," a term for people of French origin living in Algeria during French rule. From the beginning, Saint Laurent would always seem to be a man straddling two worlds. One part of him was French and upper-class—his father was an attorney, making his money from real estate deals and managing a chain of movie theaters spread across North Africa. The other part of Saint Laurent was something of an outsider, a stranger making his way in a world that didn't always welcome him.

He was educated in a Jesuit school where he was a tall, gangly boy, tormented for his homosexuality and his shyness. He found his refuge and joy and purpose in sketching. He loved to sketch designs for clothes and seemed to always believe he was destined for greatness. Indeed, as Alicia Drake recounts in her book *The Beautiful Fall*, as a schoolboy Saint Laurent even wrote an imaginary newspaper review of his first fashion collection, wherein an imaginary reporter extols "the launch of a young couturier, Saint Laurent, who, with one



FALL + WINTER 2015 PAGE 89

### FIVE OUT OF FIVE WOMEN AGREE

From longer hair to louder patterns, there's sex appeal in a man who presents himself fearlessly.

### **HEAD-TO-TOE YSL**

Big specs. Small watch. A jacket from GQ Style, chapter 28. Yves in 1971 is a study in how to dress for 2015 (no matter what brand you're wearing).

collection, hoisted himself in one bound to the ranks of the greatest."

It didn't take him long to turn the fantasy into reality. In 1954, at only 18 years old, he found himself summoned from Oran to Paris, having won a design competition seeking France's next generation of haute couture talent. From there, his rise was meteoric. He became an assistant at Christian Dior one year later, and within four years he was handpicked to take over Dior's atelier. After a disastrous detour in which he was drafted into the army (he suffered a breakdown during basic training and was discharged), he and his companion, Pierre Bergé, started the house of YSL in 1962. From his very first collection, in January of that year, Saint Laurent drew a line between ancient and modern. Here was a man who not only understood the forces shifting society and style in the '60s but seized them and articulated them.

He gave women clothes that were radical (like his Mondrian-inspired dresses), and he gave them clothes that (as on Catherine Deneuve in *Belle de Jour*) embraced the sexiness they longed to reveal. Saint Laurent loved women and their bodies and understood that women wanted to *show* their bodies. Tellingly, some of his biggest breakthroughs with women's clothes came through his feminizing of men's pieces: the peacoat, the safari jacket, and of course, the tuxedo jacket, which he famously transformed into his Le Smoking jacket—and which became a staple of every Helmut Newton mid-'70s photo shoot. Claudia Schiffer later posed in Le Smoking sans shirt, just a tux cut to the navel, sharing her cleavage.

The clothes were that rarest of things: an object of fantasy for both women and men. Saint Laurent understood both sexes. He knew what they both wanted, and harnessed the power of the gaze.

From the moment he arrived in Paris, it was his talent as well as his personal style that set him apart, that caught the eyes of what the French call the faiseurs de feu (the "fire makers," or power brokers; the people who make things happen). He was a young man from the provinces who still retained the influences of his breeding and his upbringing. It was a time when a man still wore a suit every day. But instead of seeing the suit as something limiting, Saint Laurent infused it with his own sense of style and transformed it into something limitless. And in Paris in the early '60s, he seemed utterly apart. Diana Vreeland's first impression upon meeting him: "a thin, thin, tall, tall boy in a thin suit." Or as Pierre Bergé said when he thought back to meeting Saint Laurent: "He was an extremely mysterious individual, very introverted and with many different facets and secrets.... He wore very tight jackets as if he



was trying to keep himself buttoned up against the world. He reminded me of a clergyman. Very serious. Very nervous."

I can't prove it, of course—this is just my own theorizing, speaking as someone who spent enough time, like Saint Laurent, as a boy at Catholic Mass—but I would wager that his time among the Jesuits, among those vestments of black and white, it influenced how he dressed for work. He not only saw the power in a suit but saw the suit as his own vestment, something worn by a man who had the power to create and to conjure.

That clergyman's rigor would inform Saint Laurent throughout his life. But the other part of his

heritage would be awakened as the 1960s turned into the '70s, when he started taking holidays in Morocco. At first, it was a quiet refuge, a place where he escaped with Bergé and a few friends. It was also a place where he felt at home, where he felt the echoes of his childhood in Algeria and he started to embrace the louche side of style. This being the '70s, he embraced other things, like kif, a Moroccan hashish. The languorousness of the place, combined with the whole mise-en-scène of the '70s fashion scene—Mick Jagger jetting in to join them on holiday, Loulou de la Falaise with her duffel bags of astonishing clothes and her bricks of hash—brought out the side of Saint Laurent that was all about sex.





>> Even all buttoned up, he looked bohemian equal parts Paris and Morocco. Part of the magic was in his tailoring, the other part in his attitude.

ALWAYS LOOK BACK

Yves was a student of history, art, and culture—and his style reflected it.

If you watch a great documentary or visit a new country, steal the best of what you see and incorporate it.

And it transformed his personal style. As he later said, "It's wrong to mistrust one's sensibility. It is the richest, finest, and most effective thing we have." That buttoned-up young man now was wearing shirts unbuttoned to mid-chest. It was a period that didn't last long, but that perhaps he needed to fully own his sensibility—his own duality.

Like all great artistic breakthroughs, Saint Laurent's was about stripping style down to its core and making us see it all fresh. We talk a lot at GQ about "style," and yet even after all my years here I know it is still a mysterious art to many men, the sense that style is like a good head of hair: Either you're born with it or you're not. I believe anyone can learn it, as YSL proves as well as anyone. What you have to understand is the difference that emerges in the details. Start with the suit. Remember that Saint Laurent was wearing a jacket and pants, but the last thing anyone would ever do is lay the insult on him of calling him "a suit." Even all buttoned up, he looked bohemian—equal parts Paris and Morocco. Part of the magic was in his tailoring, the other part in his attitude. If you get your own suit tailored so you feel perfectly comfortable in it—so you are wearing it, as opposed to it wearing you—then you'll start to develop your own point of view.

Saint Laurent, like all geniuses, understood that style is all about one or two well-chosen details—details that become part of a man's style signature. Look at his suits. You'll notice he wears them cut a bit trimmer. Not boxy like so many American suits. The shirts are always white or pale blue, and the ties are always monochromatic or an uncomplicated pattern. He has the watch, hair, and glasses, of course, and like any good midcentury Frenchman, he often has a cigarette in one hand.

Saint Laurent's ability to focus on the details, to not overthink getting dressed, and to embrace the possibilities a suit afforded him, rather than seeing its limits—this is his style inspiration. He shows men that it is not about how much you can buy and how many pieces you own. Style does not come from acquiring. It comes from editing. With knowing that less is more. Or, as he said, "When I am working, my mind is set on paring things down."

YSL's legacy lives on in Slimane. On the one hand, the designers' personal styles couldn't seem more different. But in truth, they are brothers. Yves was in love with the street, with the modern, with the new. He once said, famously, "Down with the Ritz, long live the street." His work was based in the classic, but it was as rebellious and modern as the house Slimane rechristened Saint Laurent Paris. Yes, Slimane's designs are skinnier and more aggressive, characterized by leather jackets and studded boots and Laurel-Canyon-in-the-'70s suede jackets, but Slimane has shrewdly kept the line elevated, with luxurious materials and skyhigh prices, making it coveted by a creative class of musicians and actors and cigarette-smoking art-world types that Saint Laurent himself would recognize. And even now, the line still makes suits-not business suits, but the kind of dark, tailored, rebelliously chic suits meant for men who'd wear them as a kind of statement, perhaps with long hair and a Cartier watch. @

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NO.

THINK OF IT AS A T-SHIRT FOR WINTER

# The Fashion Move That'll Save Your Neck



▶ Let's make a deal: If all the ink we've been spilling in recent years hasn't at least gotten you to go **try on a turtleneck**, grant us the benefit of the doubt and give it a shot. See if you don't look slimmer. Handsomer. More polished, more accomplished, and of a higher IQ. But hey, if you've already reached max capacity on those traits, no worries—go ahead and flip to the next chapter

### WHERE YOUNG HOLLYWOOD MEETS OLD

McQueen. Redford. Dean. Legendary superproducer Robert Evans. All the Hollywood kings once wore turtlenecks, and now young-uns like **Ansel Eigort** are channeling the same look.

Turtleneck\_Gucci



Sure, turtlenecks were uncool there for a while—the late '70s had that effect on, like, half of men's fashion-and it's taken them decades to recover. If that makes you nervous about buying one, we understand, and we advise you to follow the lead of young Bob Dylan. Bob simply turned to the oldest trick in the beatnik playbookthe all-black thingand you can, too.



### THE ONES TO GET

### THERE'S A SPECIES OF TURTLE IN EVERY COLOR

Behold the ivory-striped turtle, the yellow-bellied tortoise, and the snappy blue tortuga.

Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane: \$890









BOTTEGA VENETA





### GQ'S TURTLENECK TIME MACHINE

### Simon & Garfunkel Pale Next to Sam Smith



### What the Folk?

- ·1968
- 1. Make sure your turtleneck reaches your chin. Then fold it over or push it down as necessary. It shouldn't bunch like a saggy sock.
- 2. Steer away from weak colors, which have the unfortunate effect of making you look like a washedout granny.
- 3. There is no bridge over the troubled water of a bad haircut.



### The New Way

- 1. Dark colors: always good. Black, navy, or charcoal will frame up your face even in the dead of winter.
- 2. You'll always look sophisticated wearing a turtle under a topcoat, even if the reason you're doing it is so you don't have to keep track of a scarf.
- 3. Steve Jobs may have been brilliant, but he was wrong about mock turtlenecks. So was Paul Simon up there. Go for full coverage.

## HOW TO WEAR IT

### Come Out of Your Shell



In anything-goes 2015, a turtleneck is a smart substitute for a shirt and tie. So don't be afraid to wear one with your sharpest suit.

Practically speaking, turtlenecks are meant to keep you warm. Your suit should send the same message and be made in a sturdy wool or tweed.

Keep your jacket lapels slim and sharp. If they go too wide, you could risk looking like a '70s porn producer.

You know that famous Hemingway turtleneck with the thick collar? The new turtles are the opposite of all that. You're going for Serge Gainsbourg, not Papa.

A turtleneck in jailbird stripes will break up your solid coat and jeans, and also make sure no one mistakes you for a stagehand.

Turtlenecks got a bad rap in the disco era, but in the '60s they were hallmarks of poets, rockers, movie stars—anyone in the arts, basically. The idea is to channel their rebel glory.





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The midcentury jazz greats all mastered the fine art of dressing to the hilt without looking stiff. Channel your inner **Thelonious Monk** and silence all critics in a chalk-stripe suit. As the great ones would often say: Originality, my man.







▶ You already know the classic pinstriped suit, with its razorsharp lines. Now meet its chilled-out brother, the **chalk stripe**. It's more mellow, with imperfect lines that allow you to do something you never could with a pinstriped suit; dress it down









CHALK THIS WAY

### Pinstripes That Blur the Lines Between Work and Play



### THE ONES TO GET



. . . . . .

YOU WOULDN'T WEAR PINSTRIPES WITH A HOODIE But with chalk stripes, it's not a problem. From a turtleneck to a tie to a T-shirt, these suits can handle whatever you throw at them.









3. Suit\_Boglioli: \$1,795 Turtleneck\_Boss
4. Suit\_Etro: \$2,214 Shirt\_Ermenegildo Zegna Tie\_Canali
Tie bar\_The Tie Bar Pocket square\_Charvet

LEARN YOUR STRIPES

WHAT YOUR STRIPE WIDTH SAYS ABOUT YOU



**QUARTER INCH**• Where's the conference room?



**HALF INCH**• Where's my copy of GQ?



• Where's my tommy gun?



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NO.

THE LAYERED LOOK OF THE SEASON

# The High-Octane Fashion Hoodie

▶ This just in from the catwalks over in Paree: **The hoodie is now runway**approved. But it's not about wearing one with jeans and calling it a day. The move is to layer it under a suit. Or a trench coat. Or a bomber. And the best part is, the hoodie itself doesn't have to be made by a crazy-expensive Avenue des Champs-Élysées brand to fit the bill

### THE ONES TO GET



TAKE A CLOSER LOOK **UNDER THE HOOD** 

The nuance is in the details, Look for design features like leather sleeves, surprise stripes, and punchy graphics.





Emporio Armani: \$695



Todd Snyder + Champion: \$228









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Wait, Fancy-pants Cargos? How Did That Even Happen?

An explanation by FRANK MUYTJENS, menswear director of J.Crew

Compared with ten years ago, cargos are slimmer and dressier. The difference is in the fabrics we're using. They're so much more sophisticated: twills and tweeds that we've borrowed from the suiting world. We like the idea of taking these suit fabrications and making them more utilitarian."

▶ No, these are not the billowy cargo pants you had in college. They're not even the cotton cargos you saw everywhere last summer. These are a hybrid of your wool dress pants and something a Gl would wear—like if Uncle Sam started reading menswear blogs. You can wear them dressed up with a blazer (that's the Milanese way) or dressed down with a wiseass sweater (that's how we do it here in the U.S. of A.)







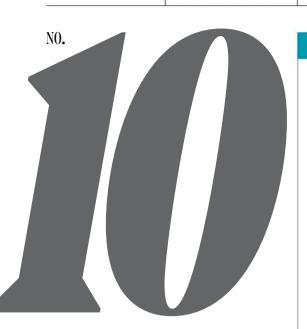
MICHAEL KORS

POCKET POWER

# The Dressy Cargo



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RIDE THE CAMEL

# A Tan You Can Keep All Winter Long



What do A\$AP Rocky and Humphrey Bogart have in common? Other than having reps as lady-killers, they've both donned camel coats to stunning effect. Well, too bad Bogart's not with us today, because his signature color is now available on way more than just coats. See: letterman jackets, cashmere sweaters, turtlenecks, suits, bombers... The list goes on

### THIS LOOK IS GENIUS

Timberlands are the longest-running hip-hop footwear since Run-D.M.C.'s Adidas. The camel coat is the longest-running human outerwear since cavemen donned skins. But it took style savant **Kanye West** to connect the two.

Coat\_Calvin Klein
Collection



A quiet new entry in the Stylish-Movie Hall of Fame arrived in 2014 with A Most Violent Year, starring Oscar Isaac as the last semi-honest man in New York during the great crime wave of 1981. He always seems to be wearing camel (either a doublebreasted overcoat or this here turtleneck), and the only thing better-looking than his wardrobe is Jessica Chastain.

### What Color Is This Suit? Depends on the Season

In spring and summer, you'd say "khaki."
But on heavier fabrics in fall and winter, this same shade magically transforms into "camel."

Suit\_Lacoste: \$990

+

Polo shirt\_Lacoste Bracelet\_Tateossian Watch\_South Lane Sneakers\_Adidas Originals



### THE ONES TO GET



IT'S A ZOO OUT

Every camel has its very own personality. Some are aggressive. Some have splotches of white. Some are so soft you wanna pet them.









**GQ** STYLE FALL + WINTER 2015









**NERD OUT!** 

### **DRESS** LIKE A DISCIPLE

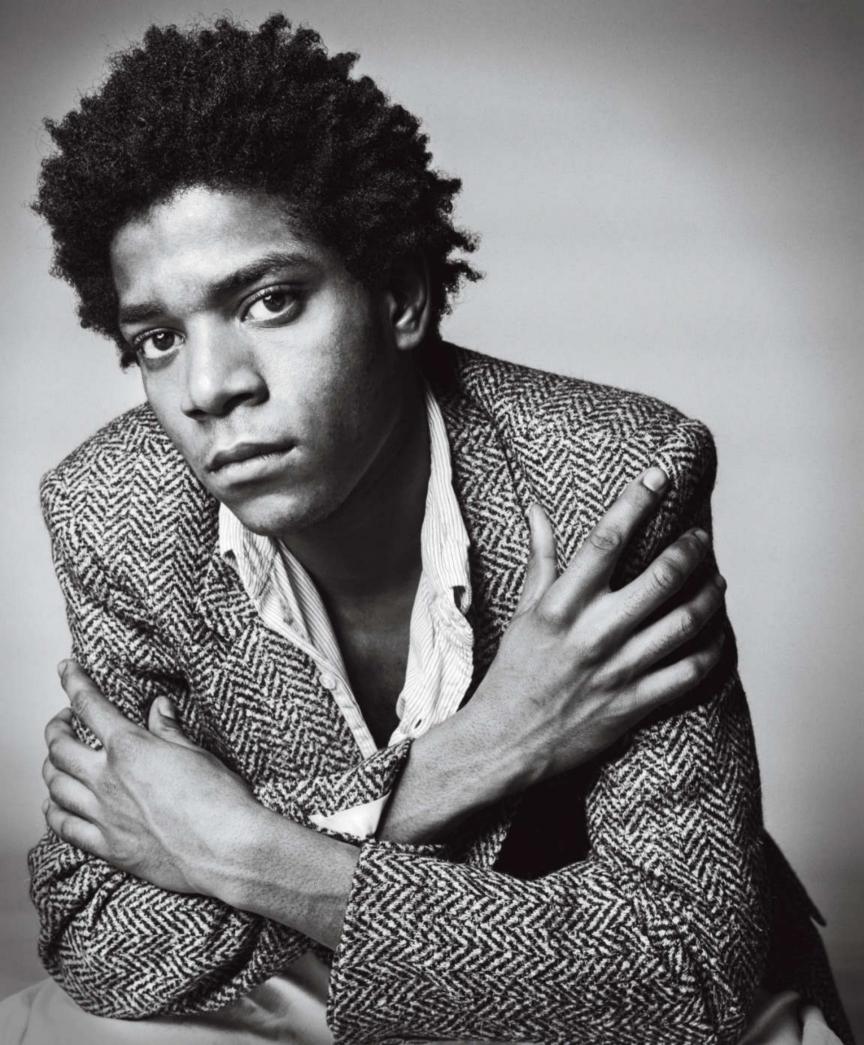
 Camel coats have been trending for, oh, roughly 2,015 years. A New Testament verse tells us that a "raiment of camel's hair" was basically the first-century equivalent of a Canada Goose jacket. And this was real camel hair, not a synthetic coat in that camel-y color. In case you're as weirdly fascinated by this stuff as we are, you'll want to know that the double-humped Bactrian camel (as opposed to its single-humped dromedary relative) has a two-part coat: Once the coarse outer hair drops off in chunks come the warm season, the remaining softer stuff is what winds up in your outerwear. (Yes, even camels ditch their coats for the summer.)











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### THE INFLUENCERS

The Men Who Inspired This Season's Look

## Basquiat

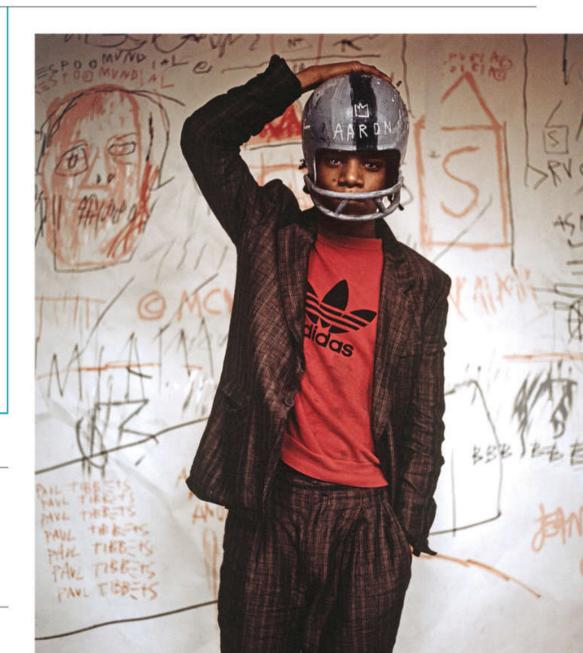
Like his art. Basquiat's personal style was equal parts classical and street, remainina authentically his own even as he went from homeless graffiti kid to the richest, most celebrated artist in America—all by the age of 25. Here, **ALICE GREGORY** considers the man who blew away Warhol and seduced Madonna

### THE ART OF TWEED

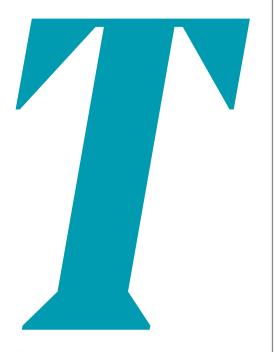
Herringbone is a lot like Basquiat's artwork: respected by the uptown swells and the downtown cool kids alike.

### **READY FOR COMBAT**

Yes, the way you dress can be subversive, too. For instance: Sneak a T-shirt into any social setting by wearing it under a suit.



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HERE'S VIDEO FOOTAGE, for a long time thought to be the only that existed of Jean-Michel Basquiat, shot in 1982 at his studio on Crosby Street. He's 21 years old and still basking in the success of his fame-elevating and critically acclaimed museum show at P.S.1 the year before.

Marc Miller, an art critic, is talking to him, microphone in hand, about the recent reception to his work. Basquiat is wearing a Wesleyan jersey; his hair is dragged up into a pair of lopsided pigtails. Arms crossed, he rocks slightly between the balls and heels of his feet and maintains, for minutes on end, a bored smile.

There's a moment a few minutes into the tape when Miller asks Basquiat to respond to what other critics have called "some sort of primal expressionism." Basquiat, still smiling, eyes glassed over in gentle and almost invisible disdain, says, "Like an ape? A primate?" Miller, surprised and embarrassed, stammers back, "I don't know." Basquiat, voice no louder than before, responds, "You said it, you said it."

The exchange is awful to watch. As a viewer, you're vicariously offended on behalf of Basquiat and defensive on behalf of Miller (who was, after all, only quoting other people). But the parrying, besides for animating a thicket of issues—ageism, racism, the powerlessness of the journalistic subject, the self-loathing of the critic—also shows, better of course than any still image, Basquiat's seductive blend of antagonism and comic self-regard. It's not inconceivable that a person could watch the short video and fall in love with him.

Looking at archival photos and footage of Basquiat provokes in the viewer a hyperawareness that's immediately familiar to anyone who was uncool in junior high. Nobody has a keener eye for detail than the striving adolescent. They notice how their peers cuff their jeans; where at the ankle they break their track pants; and that it's somehow possible, on the popular kids, for pimples to seem well-placed. To observe Basquiat, even posthumously, is to remember what it was like to be in the presence of people whose clothes and cadence seemed excruciatingly natural.

Where did Basquiat even *get* his clothes? A denim tank top? A nautical tunic fastened with toggles? Opera-length puka shells? Everything he wore looked borrowed, maybe even found—perfect but impermanent, less clothes than incidental ornament.

There is nothing more attractive to a woman than a man who does not shop, whose clothes just happen. A man who appears to be—in the biblical, not the aesthetic sense—immaculately dressed. We all know these men. Often they're poorly put together: faded socks, oddly fitting pants, one of those weirdly ubiquitous sweaters with the single horizontal stripe across the chest. And that is charming in its own way. But there are also those men, similarly impossible to imagine shopping, who look like aristocrats even in rags. Basquiat was one of them.

His paintings, which now routinely sell for close to \$50 million at auction, are beloved for their ease of gesture—a phrase that sounds as though it would appear in a bogus press release but is actually true in the case of Basquiat. With layers of color, smudged text written (and often crossed out) with a ham-fisted hand, frenetic figures drawn with a childlike urgency, and aggressively large canvases, Basquiat's paintings are, more than most other artists', impossible to forge. They are so clearly the physical product of a particular person's energy that the question of whether they are even any good is more or less irrelevant. They are coolwhich, in the context of art criticism, is usually a derogatory word meant to imply bad faith, lack of technical ability, or a suspiciously canny understanding of an already insular social order. But why should it mean that? Basquiat's coollike Miles Davis's cool and Lou Reed's cool—is not incidental to his work: In many ways the two are synonymous.

For a century now, at least since Duchamp submitted a urinal as sculpture, art has been, for better or worse, usually nothing more than what a person can convince others is art. And what is that ability if not a certain kind of charisma, a weaponized (and eventually monetized) form of cool? It's something more magnetic than intelligence, more ambitious than kindness, more confrontational than good taste. It's an elusive property, but not necessarily one that, in and of itself, is any more rare or complex than what makes a prepubescent kid popular. Basquiat had it, and it's as evident in his paintings as it was on his body.

Dead, like so many twentieth-century icons, at 27, he seems, especially in retrospect, like a fictional character from a Tom Wolfe novel. Isolated by his celebrity, addicted to heroin, victim to the culture industry's soft but persistent racism, Basquiat was an onthe-nose embodiment of his era.

The son of an accountant, Basquiat was private-school-educated and a junior member of the Brooklyn Museum. His later semi-homelessness and attendant feral appearance were both voluntary and performative. After running away, at the age of 17 (from a threestory brownstone in Boerum Hill, Brooklyn, worth about \$4 million today), he decamped for downtown Manhattan. He shaved his head into a sort of trompe l'oeil male-pattern

### MAKE YOUR CLOTHES YOUR CANVAS

You can dress like an artist (down to the paint-splattered jeans) even if you're an accountant. In fact, it's that throwing-it-away spirit that makes it artful.





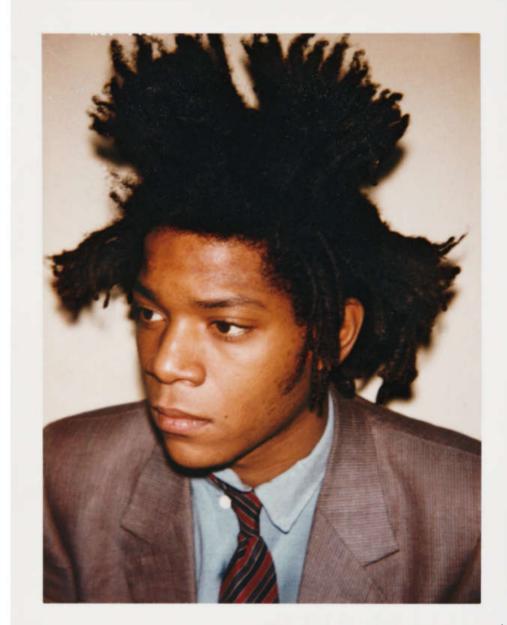
ART WALK
Basquiat hits the
Comme des Garçons
runway in '87.



balding ("I thought it would be a good disguise"), couch-surfed, and graffitied the city streets with the tag SAMO©. He subsisted on a Cheez Doodles—heavy diet and made a substantial percentage of his paltry income by searching the floor of the Mudd Club for dropped change. It's a testament to the potency of Basquiat's flash that he was able to overcome such a biography. I mean, Jesus. Imagine meeting a person like that today.

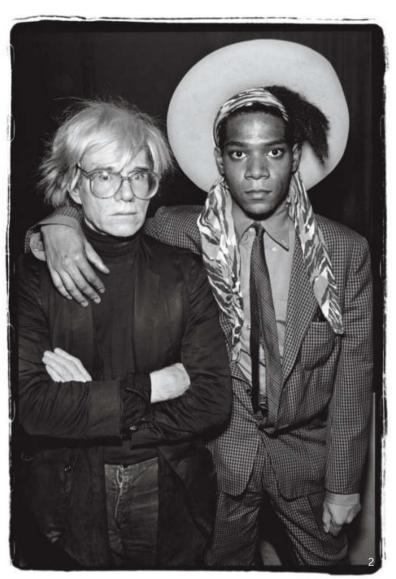
The hardscrabble existence didn't last long. By 1981, Basquiat had a critically acclaimed solo show, and within only three years his paintings were selling for upwards of \$25,000 to S. I. Newhouse, Richard Gere, Paul Simon, and the Whitney Museum of American Art. He was only 23. Basquiat's youth, which would constitute the entirety of his short life, was almost parodically of-the-moment: He produced a record with Fab 5 Freddy, played in a band with Vincent Gallo, dated Madonna, walked in runway shows for Comme des Garçons, lived with Larry Gagosian, starred in a Blondie music video, and was close friends with Andy Warhol. Any one of these circumstances would be the most memorable of another person's life. Henry Geldzahler, the late curator of twentieth-century art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, described his "very attractive" personality as both "charming and disdainful." Maripol, the creative director of Fiorucci, recalled that girls were "glued" to him.

Of course they were. He lived like a rapper decades before rappers would have the social capital to name-check his work and the real capital to buy it at auction. Basquiat painted inand subsequently ruined-\$800 European suits; threw wads of cash out limousine windows; was known to drop \$30,000 on drugs in a single night; bought 1961 Lafite at Sherry-Lehmann ("cheaper than drugs"); and drank Kir Royale at Mr. Chow. He had what seems to have been a lifelong propensity for throwing food on authority figures (a cream pie in the face of his high school principal, a bowl of cereal upon the head of a predatory art dealer), and once conducted a studio visit in a girlfriend's black dress. "There was a period of about a year and a half when it was impossible to wake up in the morning and not hear about Jean-Michel Basquiat," gallerist Mary Boone told The New York Times in 1985. When he died of





1







### 1. FOREVER SLAPDASH

Basquiat's tie knot, like his brushstroke, looked beautifully accidental.

### 2. THE ANDY EFFECT

Warhol made conservative clothes feel rebellious. And Basquiat pushed that idea further toward the edge.

### 3. UNDONE IVY

Next to John Sex and Keith Haring, Jean– Michel looked like a Princeton student on a downtown bender.

### 4. THE GODFATHER

Basquiat eventually developed William Burroughs's taste for heroin. He wouldn't survive it as long,

### 5. AND THEN TUMBLE OUT INTO THE NIGHT

Basquiat painted and partied in the same clothes.

### 6. OUTFIT AS MUSIC

Basquiat (with Francesco Clemente) loved both jazz and absurd clothes. The connection: total spontaneity.

He lived like a rapper decades before rappers would have the social capital to name-check his work and the real capital to buy it at auction. Basquiat painted in \$800 European suits and threw wads of cash out limousine windows.



### SARTORIAL EXPRESSIONISM

Basquiat's derelict look—and lifestyle—wasn't real, exactly. Nor was it a pose. It was all part of his life-as-art-project approach to existence.

In an effort to both telegraph cultural savvy and appropriate his effortless style, Reebok released sneakers with his signature chicken scratch, and Supreme has put out shirts and hoodies emblazoned with Basquiat's iconography.

an overdose in 1988, the year after Warhol, his memorial, in Manhattan, was attended by more than 200 people.

The look he created—in his paintings and his person—didn't vanish with him; it proliferated. A person could spend years trying to re-create Basquiat's wardrobe. Many a misguided artschool student probably has. Desired items would include pleated ecru linen pants; a flannel shirt, washed to a mint green blur; a herringbone blazer short in the sleeves; a thin Jimmy Cliff-style polo shirt with a too long placket; one of those oversize black leather jackets that inexplicably brown rather than gray with age. Unsurprisingly, contemporary streetwear brands have attempted to capitalize on-in the most literal of ways-Basquiat's urban appeal. In an effort to both telegraph cultural savvy and appropriate his effortless style, Reebok released sneakers with his signature chicken scratch, and Supreme has put out shirts and hoodies emblazoned with Basquiat's iconography.

It's a sad but true fact of the world that, just as anything looks good on a thin woman, anything looks good on a confident man-even, regrettably, heroin-induced skin lesions, tooth rot, and bloat. Picture Basquiat—paint-splattered, smiling jaywalking across Broadway with a pocketful of singles supplied by his first gallerist, Annina Nosei, to get lunch at Dean & DeLuca. Or better yet, with a bouquet of lilacs en route to Bianca Jagger's birthday party. Before he himself would become an icon, Basquiat painted them: kings, athletes, warriors. And like them, he was coronated. Though his dreadlocks changed length, from aloe-like spikes to horns to bramble, he is best remembered as existing beneath a head of hair that looked like nothing so much as a crown.

And like King Midas, who could turn anything he touched to gold, Basquiat was capable of transferring his magic aura not only to canvas but to completely arbitrary items. A suede Jacuru hat on his head, a tiger-print bandanna around his neck, even a docile Siamese cat in his lap—all are anointed merely by being chosen by him.



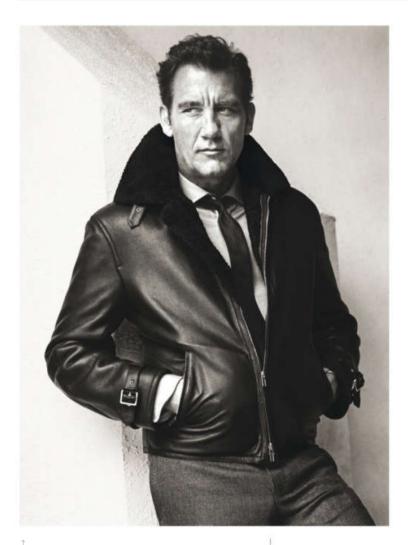


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IT HELPS TO BE RICH

### The Bigger, Badder, Blacker Shearling



▶ Finally, you can wear a **shearling coat** without a Marlboro or a sprig of hay clenched in your teeth. That's because the coolest coat of the year—and come to think of it, it's also the warmest—comes in street-ready colors like dark gray, navy, and black. Just brace yourself, because even shearlings made by affordable designers are expensive. Hey, you're wearing an inside-out sheepskin, so what do you expect?

### THE DARK PART OF TALL, DARK, AND HANDSOME

Tan shearlings are classic, but be warned: They come in and out of style. A black one like **Clive Owen** wears here, though—that's cool every winter from now till forever.

+ Jacket\_**Hermès** 

There's a reason Steve McQueen is probably the most Tumblr'd and Pinterest'd menswear icon ever. When it comes to all-American handsomeness, the dude was the original Gosling. (Don't cry, Ryan, we still love you.) Wearing a thousand-yard stare and a battered shearling bomber, McQueen proves that self-confidence is still the key to easygoing stylishness. (Especially while standing so close to a propeller blade.)



### The Hedge Funder's Biker Jacket

Okay, so you may have to save up for this one. But once you cut the check, it'll pay you back for decades. Wearing a black shearling is every bit as badass as riding an actual motorcycle—with a much lower chance of road rash.

Jacket\_Ralph Lauren: \$4,995

Sweater and jeans\_Ralph Lauren Belt\_Tom Ford





### My Inspiration for This Jacket

by FREDERIK DYHR, vice president of men's design for Belstaff



44

I was inspired by these motorcycle guys in 1950s London, the ton-up boys—they were trying to go over 100 mph on a motorcycle. They were rebels, rockers. And they wore these super-cool high-collar leather aviator jackets with shearling fur for protection and also identity."







GQ STYLE FALL + WINTER 2015

### IT WOULDN'T BE LUXURIOUS IF IT DIDN'T COST YA

There's a reason magnates, rock stars, and drug dealers all gravitate toward shearlings: Like diamond chains, they're expensive and they look it. To paraphrase James Brown, you gotta pay the cost to bundle up like a boss.













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Nothing against the holy menswear trinity of black, gray, and navy, but **green is every bit as versatile** and a whole lot more surprising. Maybe that's why designers are now using it for pieces they never would've before. So next time you find yourself reaching for a black jacket or a blue sweater or another brown bag, remember this moment

### Forget the Blues

These musicians know it's all about the greens



• André 3000 can wear a bespoke suit Monday and a hula skirt Tuesday. When he's splitting the difference, he dons a head-turning vest.



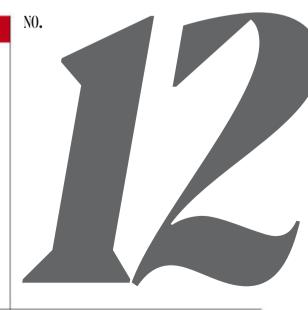
Did you know that Mick Jagger has a daughter named Jade? Maybe he named her after this military jacket.



♦ Yes, he resisted his own fame. But Kurt Cobain didn't fight his innate style—and hey, green looked great with his blond hair and blue eyes.

### CUE THE ENVY

# Greens That Go with Whatever



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### THE ONES TO GET



EVERYDAY WAYS TO GO GREENER

Today's menswear stores are a sea of green. Even if you only throw down for one eye-catching piece, it'll make everything you put with it a little fresher.

Canali: \$1,575



Ralph Lauren: \$895



Drake's: \$75



Burberry Brit: \$4,095



### KNOW YOUR GREENS

### PETROL

 Yep, as in "petroleum." It's that bluish green shade of gasoline.

### HUNTER

• Hunter is the shade between forest and moss—and what men with guns wear when not in safety orange.

### SAGE

 All the white in this green makes it look faded—like the chinos at an army-navy store.

### KELLY

• Remember André 3K's cheerful vest from the previous page? That right there is kelly.

### CELEST

• The signature color of Bianchi bikes works on cycling gear, but that's about it.



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OLD AND BOLD

## Retro-Graphic Sweaters



▶ Sweaters are the biggest blank canvas in the colder months, and designers are once again **getting all experimental**with them. Sometimes that means '70s-style stripes in '70s-style colors. Other times it means '80s comic-strip pow! starbursts. It can even mean some trippy New Age hippie shit. In this era of statement clothes, the sweater is one of the best new places to say it loud

Not even a grouch could deny that young **Michael Jackson** had top-notch personal style. He's throwing so many of this season's style moves at us here (the graphic sweater, the puffer vest...) that we could've made him one of this season's "Influencers." Maybe next season.







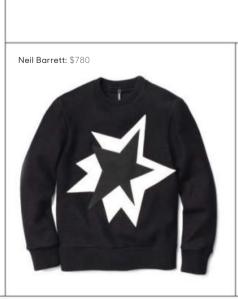
### THE ONES TO GET

WHO MADE THAT SWEATER, PYTHAGORAS? We've seen designers reach back to retro ski graphics before, but this winter they're also referencing Spider-Man and M. C. Escher. If a sweater that looks like merch from an LSD cult speaks to you, go for it. If not, stick to stripes.











GQ STYLE FALL + WINTER 2015

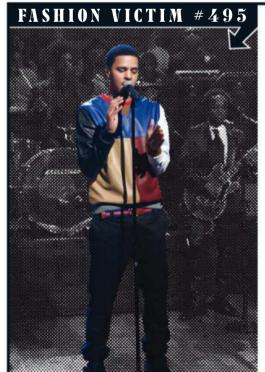




Bottega Veneta: \$1,900







\* Remember when J. Cole went on Fallon looking like a giant leather Rubik's Cube? Yikes. Listen, we love a loud sweater as much as anyone, but this kind of awkward color-blocking is a sure sign of trying too hard. The GQ-approved kind usually has a base color with a pattern printed over it. If the sweater you're considering looks like six sweaters that got sewn together, leave it on the rack.

### THE ONES TO GET



GOOD NOW, BETTER IN TWENTY YEARS

Like a belt, a wallet, or a good leather jacket, these bags will get better with a beating. We're not saying you have to kick yours down a sidewalk or run it over with your car before you start carrying it.... But you could.









GQ STYLE FALL + WINTER 2015





Totes with the Most STUART VEVERS, creative director of Coach, on how to buy the right bag



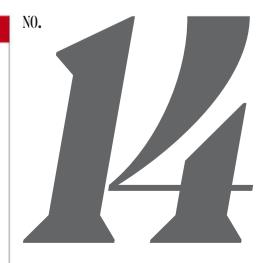
Start by selecting a tote made from leather that feels good in your hand. It should be soft yet sturdy with a natural, organic charm to it. As to color, I don't think you can go wrong with a great natural hue in calf leather or pebble grain. It shouldn't make a statement or be too fashiony. It's just your reliable bag. It should look like it just appeared one day in your hand."



▶ If you're like, well, everyone else in 2015, you don't carry files to work. You carry gym shoes, an umbrella, a novel, a dog-eared issue of GQ Style—that sort of thing. So a briefcase is frankly kinda useless. A **tote bag,** however, can handle whatever shit you need to haul—and can even work as a weekender if you're packing light and on the fly. So when we say to grab a tote, we're not talking about the dinky canvas kind you schlep to Whole Foods or get free at your record store. We mean a leather one that will last

TOTES!

### Bags That Can Manhandle Your Life



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### INDIGO GOES INCOGNITO

# The Undercover Jean Jacket





New style move: Keep wearing your **denim jacket** even after the temp drops below freezing. How? Stop thinking of it as outerwear and treat it like a layer. Put it over a sweater and under a peacoat. Or between a dress shirt and a topcoat. (A denim jacket should fit like a second skin, which means it can slip right under every coat you own.) Wearing it year-round, you'll get even more use out of the most versatile piece you own and (bonus!) break it in even faster

### The Jean Jacket Is the New Cardigan

Layering a trucker jacket under a coat is a move that marched straight off the runways and into Hollywood. Here, three men of style demonstrate how to do it right.



 Wearing a denim jacket loose and open like **Usher** is a smart, non-bulky way to add a few degrees of warmth under an overcoat.



 Double-O Seven in double denim?
 Daniel Craig never leaves the house unless he's dressed for the ages.
 So yeah, this move has staying power.



⋄ Buttoning your denim jacket to the neck but leaving the bottom undone like style master David Beckham—is a move nabbed from L.A. street kids.

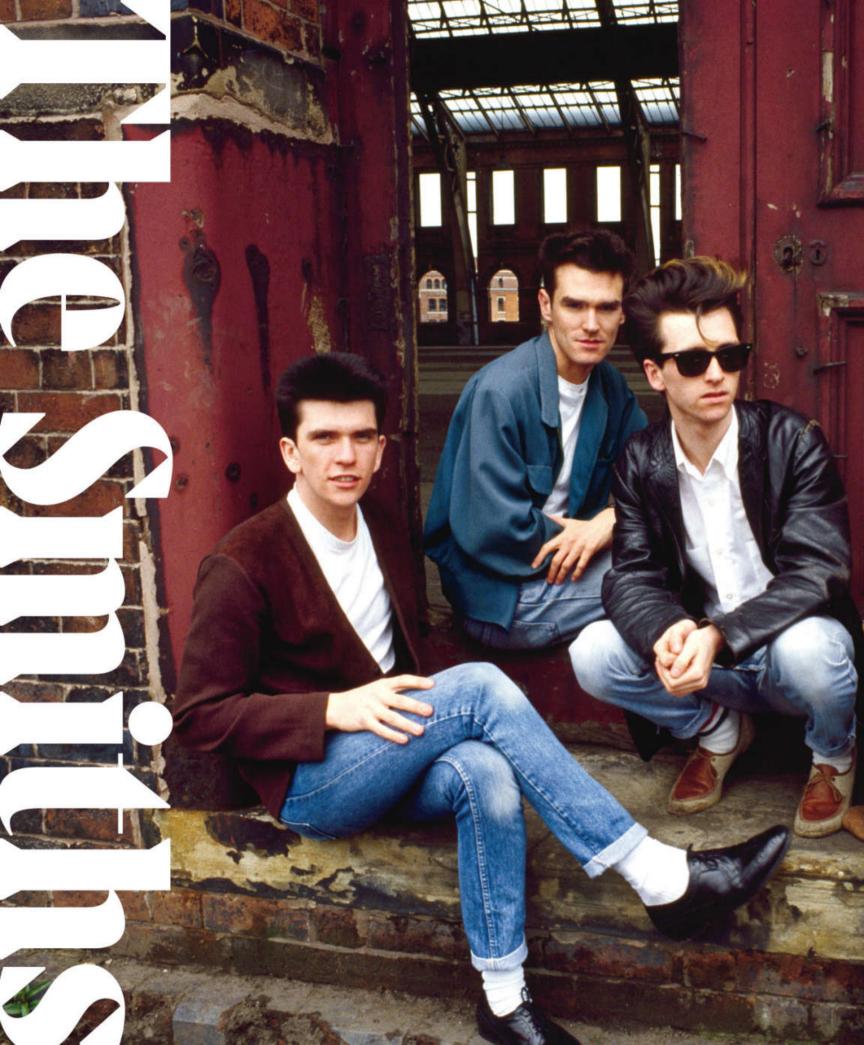
### Fall Underneath,

Winter on Top
When you're layering
up at this time of year,
think seasonally: The most summery layers (tees, tanks, Henleys) go on first. The autumnal jean jacket comes next, followed by the bigass wintry coat.

Jean jacket\_Burberry **Brit:** \$595

Coat\_Burberry London T-shirt\_Burberry Prorsum Jeans\_Burberry Brit Belt\_John Varvatos Bracelet\_**Miansai** 

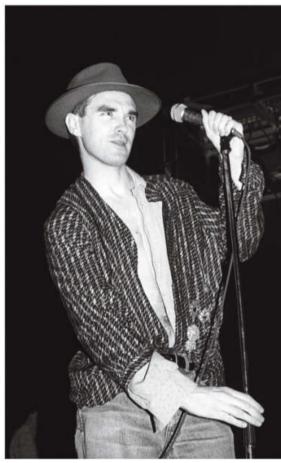






### THE INFLUENCERS

### The Band That Inspired This Season's Look



► They were the original normcores—a band of outsiders who took pains to dress as though they'd found their clothes at a rummage sale. But of course, nothing's harder than looking effortlessly stylish. And as **CHRIS HEATH** reveals, the band put more thought into what they were wearing than they ever let on





ORRISSEY IS ONE OF pop music's few genuine visionaries, but that doesn't mean you should believe everything he says. Often he talks utter nonsense. Here, from an interview he gave in 2003, is an example:

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### THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Much as Morrissey professed not to care about clothes, he was a trendsetter. Checked patterns like the houndstooth on his jacket are back in style, as you'll see in our next chapter.

"The Smiths were the worst-dressed group in the history of cloth. I can't imagine how that would inspire anybody."

Evidently, this isn't true, either part of it. And why Morrissey should be so savage about himself and his three former colleagues isn't completely clear, though it's fairly easy to come up with theories. The simplest explanation—that he truly disdains how he, and they, used to look—seems the least likely. Perhaps, instead, as with many artists who burn so brightly at the beginning of their careers, his words should be seen as one more salvo in the perpetual battle to ensure that his present isn't eclipsed by his past. Or maybe, and this is surely at least partly true, it allowed him a new way to recirculate the copious bad blood that exists between various ex-Smiths. (For a tedious and one-sided account of the others' sins, see Morrissey's Autobiography.) Or perhaps he was just having a bad day.

But perhaps he was also, in his skewed and determinedly negative way, obliquely acknowledging something significant about the way the Smiths looked, and why they came to look as they did. For in some ways the very point of how the Smiths looked was to avoid drawing attention to it. They were the kind of pop musicians who needed to present themselves as though nothing so superficial and distracting as fashion could ever play any part in what they did, because they had higher goals and were playing for bigger stakes. It's all about the effort that you're not seen to be making.

What the Smiths achieved in a little over five years is incredible: Their catalog is crammed with astonishing songs (and very, very few duds) and while their records cleverly cherry-picked from the past, they were like no records that had ever been made before. The music was terrifically concise, but somehow simultaneously fierce and delicate, and Johnny Marr's guitar lines threw off melodies in every direction, as though he had so many at his fingertips that he could never run short. And as for those lyrics-thoughtful, poetic, brusque, funny, oblique, and heartfelteach delivered with a kind of swooning, delirious over-committal...it was as though someone had just discovered a higher standard for what a pop song should be, and only the Smiths had been told. Theirs was a rare magic, and they clearly knew it.

But, even so, look at them, just standing there. You can see they also knew that, sometimes, a crucial part of trying your utmost is to make your way through the world seeming like you're really not trying at all.

**TO UNDERSTAND WHY** the Smiths looked as they did, you need to consider the time and the place from which they emerged. For a band in early 1980s Britain to present themselves like this—

utilitarian and everyday, in clothes almost anyone could wear—didn't constitute some default style option, as it might have in other eras. Rather, it was an active act of defiance. This was an era in which people who made music were not just expected to wear clothes, they were expected to have an image.

When the Smiths surfaced, two particular types of image were prevalent in the world around them. Commercial pop groups were expected to use what they wore as a flamboyant calling card, and this, the height of the New Romantic movement, was a golden age of such peacockery; the popstar style icons of the day were Culture Club, the Human League, Duran Duran, Gary Numan, and Adam Ant. Indie groups, by contrast, generally dressed as though they would only ever be photographed in black and white, as though the principal purpose of clothes was to express a certain discipline and asceticism, to assert that their wearers were involved in something serious, and to signal contempt for anything suspiciously carefree. In the Smiths' hometown of Manchester, where pop culture still cowered under the commanding shadow of Joy Division and Factory Records, such conventions loomed particularly large. (Incidentally, early-'80s Britain was a moment when more typical rock-star attire, the kind that is traditionally accompanied by long hair, guitar solos, and faux-sexual strutting, was not even an option, not for any band that hoped to be taken seriously. Punk had killed all that-forever, it seemed at the time-and only its last feeble echoes survived in the form of a few largely ignored heavy-metal groups. Every cool British kid knew that pathetically retrograde throwbacks like Iron Maiden and Def Leppard would never amount to anything.)

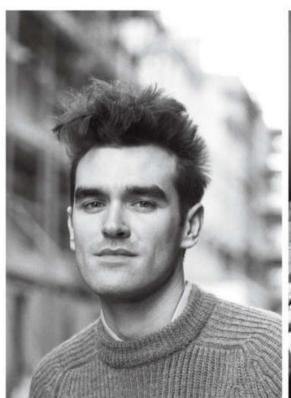
The one thing hardly anyone was trying to do back then was to look normal. But for the Smiths—

When it comes to what we choose to wear, or choose not to wear, everything is a decision, even—and sometimes especially—not making a decision. And the care, instinctive or otherwise, which the Smiths clearly put into the way they looked was, and is, obvious.

even though what they would aim to achieve, and succeed in achieving, would in so many ways be singular and extraordinary—normality was an essential part of their aesthetic. This started, of course, with their name. "The most surreal, overtly artistic names were being pinned to the most pathetically dull groups so we thought we'd latch ourselves onto the most simplistic name we could possibly think of and still produce inspiring music," explained Morrissey at the time. "Simply by having a really straightforward name we were saying that you don't have to hide behind any veil of artistry to produce something worthwhile."

### HAIR'S THE THING

Morrissey has had some version of this haircut—a swoop just *barely* this side of a pompadour—for virtually his entire adult life. The lesson: When you find something that works, stick with it.







GQ STYLE FALL + WINTER 2015



The way they looked dovetailed with this. In their very first published interview of any length, in February 1983, only nine months after Johnny Marr went round to Morrissey's house (well, in truth, his mother's) to suggest they form a group, and before the release of their first single, "Hand in Glove," they were already clear that an image was something they were refusing to adopt. Asked "How important are clothes to you?" Morrissey replied: "They don't have the relevance they once had, like in the '60s you could look at someone and assess their personality. That's not the case anymore. Clothes are no longer the window of the soul."

"People take clothes too seriously," echoed Marr. "If we said, 'Right, we're going to have that image' there are bound to be people who don't like it. We're just gonna be honest about it and then if people don't like us it's because we're the Smiths and not because of what we wear."

"Style has nothing to do with clothes," Morrissey asserted. "You can't become stylish; either you are or you aren't."

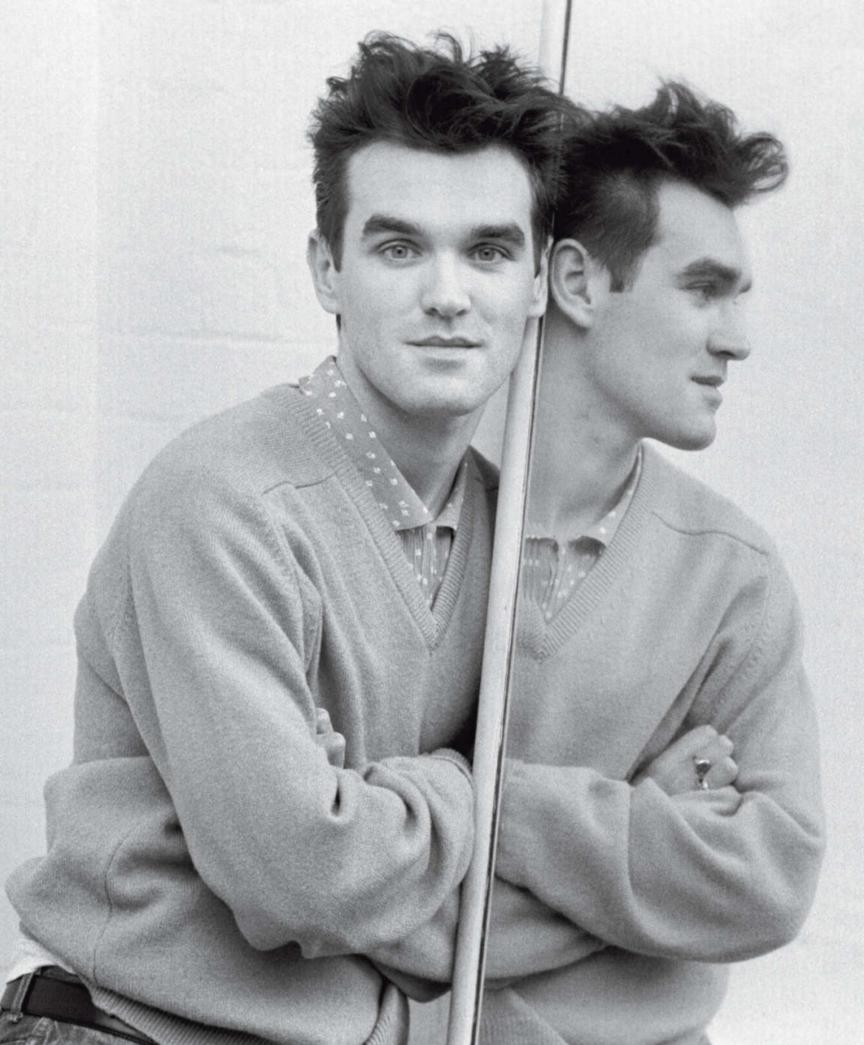
At their best, the Smiths would look like an all-for-one-and-one-for-all gang, but a loose kind of gang, united not by a uniform but a common sense of purpose. In an early fanzine interview Morrissey elaborated on all this, further emphasizing the lack of artifice at their heart. The Smiths were, he explained, the kind of group who appeared how they appeared because that's how they were, and that was that: "We dress the way we do, we act the way we do, and we play music the way we do."

of course that's never true. Especially in pop music, but also in any of our own lives: "I just threw on what was next to my bed.... These are the only clothes I have..." and so on and so on—all these sentences we say that may be superficially honest but which are also always deceitful in what they feign to omit. When it comes to what we choose to wear, or choose not to wear, everything is a decision, even—and sometimes especially—not making a decision. And the care, instinctive or otherwise, which the Smiths clearly put into the way they looked was, and is, obvious.

Also, when you look at what the Smiths actually did and how they actually looked, it often wasn't quite as straightforward as their words might lead you to believe. For one thing, if the unstated fashion script for the Smiths was to wear functional and classic casualwear of the present and past as though it had accidentally landed on their bodies, it was a script that Morrissey in particular often veered away from, in ways that were fascinating and memorable but much more in keeping with a preening pop star than an image-shunning naturalist. For instance, early on there were the beads he favored hanging low round his neck and the oversize shirts. "I've recently discovered

### **NEVER LET THEM SEE YOU SWEAT**

The Smiths dressed with utter nonchalance, in what we might call "snooker-hall casual."



**←** 

### HIS CLOTHES REFLECTED HIS PERSONA

Morrissey worked awfully hard to project buttoned-up bookishness, but he had a florid dandyish streak that always peeked out.

a women's chain called Evans Outsize which has wonderful shirts," he declared in one interview; he also detailed a fruitless five-hour hunt for a decent shirt.

And it wasn't just Morrissey. Johnny Marr was no fashion innocent—before music started paying he used to work in Manchester clothes shops. "It was never a job as such," he later explained, "because my job was to make tapes and bring in other young people who were, quote, 'hip,' and that's all I did.... I'd actually just stand there trying to look cool." But Marr would also travel down to London to buy up new stock, and even describing his first meeting with Morrissey to biographers over a quarter of a century after the event, he could detail exactly what he wore on the day, including Wild One biker boots, vintage Levi's "rolled up exactly the right height," and a "proper old American flying men's cap." He also had a tinted quiff, his look styled on the early Beatle Stuart Sutcliffe. (Morrissey likewise remembered being suitably impressed: "He looked a bit rockabilly, a bit wired and very witty, but also hard and indifferent.")

As for believing in the four of them as a gangthe demeanor that they adopted in almost every Smiths photo session, whether by grinning and throwing arms round each other, or sullenly lining up as though staring down a common foe-even on that level we are now cursed with knowing too much. It's now clear that, as far as Morrissey and Marr were concerned, the Smiths were fundamentally their group, just the two of them, and that Mike Joyce and Andy Rourke were only a cut above hired hands who were only ever supposed to receive 10 percent each of the group's income. Years later Joyce would successfully challenge this unequal distribution in court, but there seems little doubt that, however well it was hidden, the Morrissey and Marr you see in these photos considered the Smiths to be made up of two uneven pairs.

And yet...and yet, for the rest of us, all that barely matters. All pop music is a kind of lie: What matters is how potent and persuasive are the tunes and dreams and truths that are smuggled inside that lie. And the Smiths were supreme smugglers. At the time, Morrissey was frequently derided as a moaner and a misery-lover, but only by people who weren't really listening or didn't want to listen. Yes, these were often songs of great dissatisfaction and frustration, but they were also inspirational songs that forever bubbled over with a sense of the search for the magical and the worthwhile, however elusive those might be. Inside the Smiths' grand pop-music lie, they smuggled something that—in all its pain and beauty, dark humor, dread and wonder-their audience then, and their enduring audience since, could recognize as magnificently, distressingly, enthrallingly true. And so as you heard the Smiths—and as you saw them standing there, too-the only sane thing to do was to believe them. @ PAGE 140 - TREND 16 GQ STYLE FALL + WINTER 2015



GINGHAM STYLE

## A New Look with a Checkered Past



A new formula for stylishness is emerging this year: You mostly want to dress modern, but every outfit should have one retro piece in the mix. (Think of your inspiration as 80 percent Ryan Gosling, 20 percent Michael Caine.) Which is why we're seeing checkers from all the best tailored-clothing brands. That means suits, topcoats, and gingham dress shirts all covered in squares

### DON'T LET THE BRITS MONOPOLIZE THIS LOOK

Eddie Redmayne is a pro at taking an old British style trick—like donning a gun-check plaid three-piece suit—and putting a young twist on it. What's his secret? It's all in the slim modern tailoring.

Suit and tie\_Etro









### THE ONES TO GET



WHAT'S NEXT, HOUNDSTOOTH TIGHTY-WHITIES?

Probably. When we say checks are everywhere this season, we don't mean just on suits. They can be found on topcoats, too—and on backpacks and snapbacks and desert boots, if you look hard enough.

Marni: \$2,410



Boglioli: \$1,795



### GQ'S CHECKERED TIME MACHINE

### Gosling Ushers This Pattern into the Future



### The Disco-Days Way $\mathbf{1979}$

- 1. Andy Kaufman is eternally cool. The only thing that stops us short of endorsing this dangerous turtleneck-layering move is our suspicion that the outfit was kinda part of the joke.
- 2. The haircut, however, was just plain bad. When you're balding, keep it short.
- 3. Here in 2015, this would be a ridiculous look on most guys. But if you're the Normcore King of your town, we say screw it—go for it.



### The New Way

- 1. If normcore isn't your thing, this is the way to win in 2015. Start by committing a simple rule to memory: Anytime you wear a busy suit, go for a solid shirt and tie.
- 2. Kaufman's slouchy jacket worked in a professorial way, but these days, fashion all-stars like the Goz are going for a suit that fits like armor.
- 3. We love light and dark checked suits equally, as if they were our children. Still, a darker version will always look more badass.

### HOW TO WEAR IT

### Get Checked Out



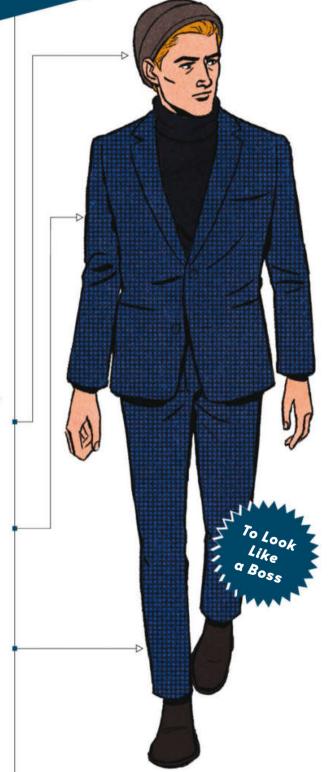
If the plaid suits in this issue make you a little nervous, that's okay. Go for a checkered coat instead. The right one still makes a strong style statement when you catch your boss in the elevator, and then it hangs in the closet when you get down to business.

No matter how throwback the fabric is, the cut of your coat should be slim and modern. With a doublebreasted, you know it's slim enough if it still looks sleek when you wear it open.

Put some 2K15 accessories—like a skullcap and some Chelsea boots to work. They'll help balance out the retro feel of the suit.

Give your solid suits a few days off and find a checked one that's cut short and skinny. Remember: The fit should be sharper than Brad Pitt's jawline.

Once you rack up all the compliments you can carry, wear the pants and jacket separately. And start a whole new compliment session.



### THE ONES TO GET



MARVIN GAYE DIDN'T HAVE IT SO GOOD

When we think of knit hats, we think of Marvin Gaye in his famous red beanie. But if the Sexual Healer were alive in 2015, he'd have a whole host of options, from heathered colors to stripes to even fuzzy pom-poms.

Ermenegildo Zegna: \$345



A.P.C.: \$90



Paul Smith Accessories: \$95



Maison Kitsuné: \$95



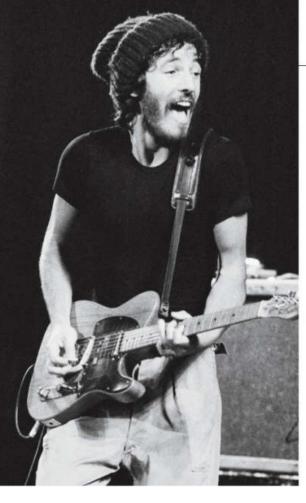
Gents: \$48



Gucci: \$295



GQ STYLE FALL + WINTER 2015



Everyone remembers **Bruce Springsteen** in a cutoff jean jacket and bandanna, but this 1970s look yells "Born in the U.S.A." just as loud-and looks just as relevant in 2015. To cop the Boss's look, you need a slim-fitting tee with biceps-baring short sleeves, some low-slung pants, and a chunky knit cap worn pushed back on your head. Also: Your grooming should be half-assed, and your Telecaster should be turned up loud as hell.

### THE BEANIE MAN'S DO'S AND DON'TS



 Wear a knit cap with a snug fit that covers your ears.



 Wear one with a brim. Those are for ball caps only.



Wear a pom-pom.(All it takes is a sense of humor.)



DON'TWear a hat that droops any longer than Bruce's.

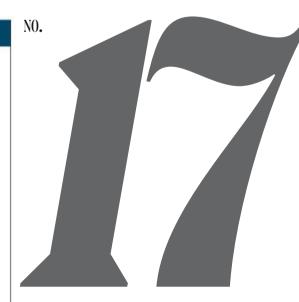


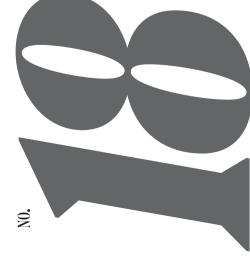


► Whatever you call them—beanies, skullcaps, dome-toasters—winter hats aren't just protective gear for when your ears are giving you brain freeze. Nor are they still the exclusive domain of Hollywood wannabes, former X Gamers, and mountain men. Now they can be the finishing touch on a suit, or the last thing you grab on the way to the gym. Only question is: Are you man enough to wear one with a pom-pom?

APRÈS SKI, APRÈS WORK, APRÈS EVERYTHING

## The Cap to Every Fashion Look





A FALL COLLECTION THAT BLEW OUR MINDS

Their company might behind **Dsquared2** are be based in Milan, but twentleth anniversary, went into the archives, the designer brothers of fur-we hope more Dan and Dean Caten them on steroids, The from Canada, And to dug up their greatest cool-think destroyed hits, and reproduced celebrate their line's idea was so inspired designers celebrate 'best of" collections their birthdays with and the clothes so denim and acres



# Returning to My Roots

DAN CATEN, co-founder of Dsquared2, explains the show















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GQ STYLE FALL + WINTER 2015

SNIP THIS OUT

### **><-**-

### Want the Look?

**Miles Elliot** of Freemans Sporting Club Barbershop in N.Y.C. explains what to ask for

"Usually, your barber should know what it means if you ask for a 'mod.' But the idea here is to have it look a little rough around the edges-almost like you didn't just get a haircut. It's important to keep length on top and to ask for some texture-but not too much, or else your hair loses the height

and density you want. Keep it longer and frayed around the ears, and make sure the back is just cleaned up, not tapered. And to maintain it—and I'd never usually tell people to do this-you want to wash your hair more frequently. The more oils you remove from your scalp and hair, the lighter and bigger your hair gets."



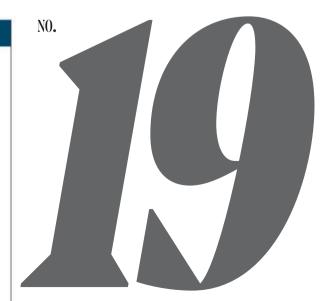
▶ Since 2007, Don Draper's side part has been the haircut of choice. But now, if the runways of designers like Tom Ford and Hedi Slimane are any indication—and they are always an indication—a **messier cut with bangs** is next. This new tousled chop is a nod to the mod look of Swinging London, and it's swung right back into style

The Beatles may have done the mop-top thing first, but **the Who** gave the look a dose of rockstar menace. Their hair was choppier and rougher around the

edges—just like their music—and it always looked as though Entwistle, Moon, Townshend, and Daltrey had scissored it themselves while on a hotel-trashing bender.

THE BIG BANG THEORY

## The Mod Men Haircut



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ALERT THE HELLS ANGELS

### The Trench Coat Is the New Leather Jacket

▶ The trench coat used to be a mere tool, a workmanlike way to stay dry. Starting now, it's officially a style move that happens to resist rain. We're seeing trenches in **gloriously un-khaki colors:** everything from plaid wool and expensive-looking flecked gray (like the one on the opposite page) to dark 'n' stormy black

### THE ONES TO GET



BECAUSE NOBODY
WANTS TO LOOK LIKE
A DICK

With a cool haircut and dark shades, the new trenches look more villain than private eye, so you won't resemble Dick Tracy or Inspector Gadget.







SALVATORE





### Meet the World's Most Stylish Green Bay Packers Fan

We checked the NFL bylaws, and there's no rule saying you have to paint your face and wear a Reggie White jersey to cheer for your squad. If Vince Lombardi could wear a full-length coat on the sidelines, you can do the same at your buddy's house.

Trench coat\_Marc
Jacobs: \$2,290

Turtleneck\_Bally
Pants\_AG
Belt\_Martin Dingman
Sneakers\_New Balance
for J.Crew

### GQ'S TRENCH COAT TIME MACHINE

. . . . . .

### **Trench Warfare**



### The Goofy Gumshoe Way

- **1**975
- 1. They're called trench coats, not straitjackets. Peter Sellers's is tied tight enough to cut off circulation to his brain (which actually explains a lot about those Pink Panther movies).
- 2. Like bushy sideburns and pipe smoke, tweed caps are relics best left to the movies.
- 3. There's nothing necessarily wrong with a khaki trench. But why walk around in the cliché when you've got so many newer, cooler options?









MARC JACOBS

# IN THE TRENCHES WHAT YOUR BELT STYLE SAYS ABOUT YOU





professional.

**TIED**• I'm a fictional detective.



**UNBUCKLED**• I'm banned from public parks.



- 1. Unless you're caught in a freezing rain, it's okay to leave your trench open (as long as you're wearing something underneath) and let it flow while you walk.
- 2. As our man Jake Gyllenhaal knows, nothing gives your look a shot of rebel confidence like a flipped collar.
- 3. See what we mean about the whole color thing? Broody black steers you away from Inspector Clouseau territory.



## HOW TO WEAR IT

### It's an Umbrella You Can Wear



Longer hair: a rakish power move for men who know they've made it.

While a fully popped collar says "cocky banker," the half-popped collar says, "I was just too busy closing the deal to fix it."

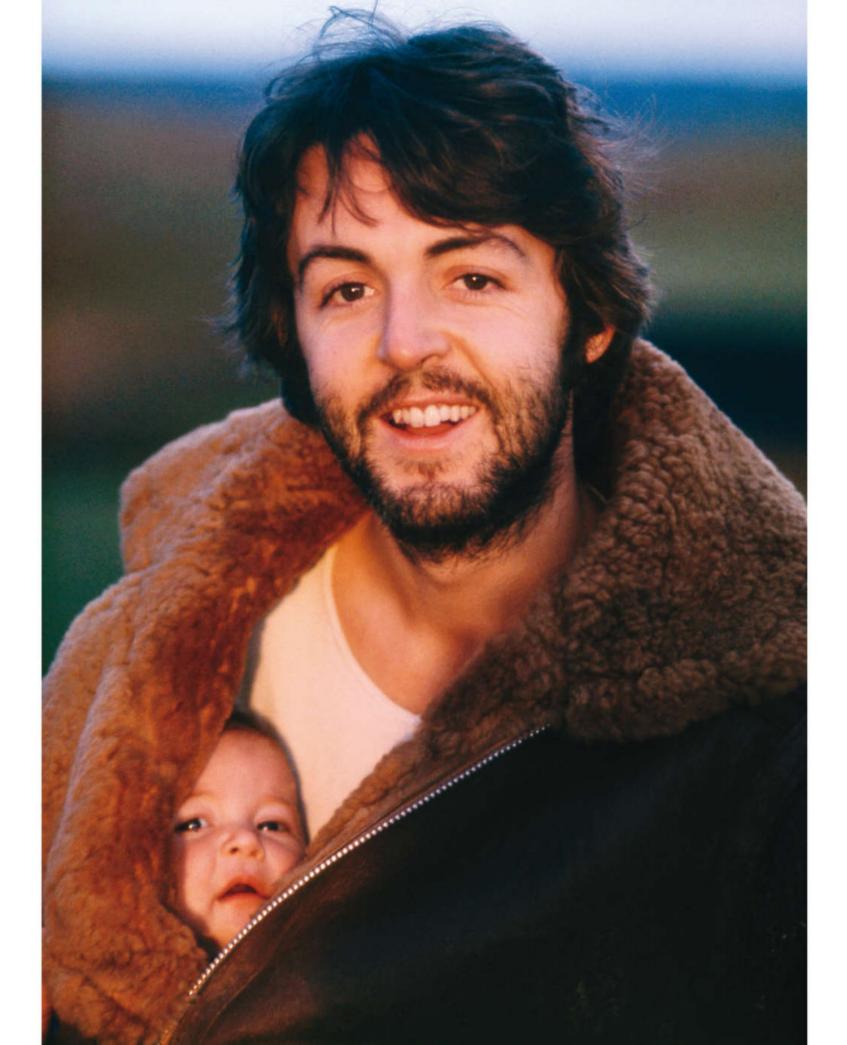
A trench over a suit always looks like money, which is why it's the classic Wall Street uniform. (They should pass these coats out at Goldman Sachs orientation.)

Streetwear dudes and creative types are just starting to catch on to the power of trench coats. We say:
Right on. There's no better way to class up a hoodie and a freelance gig.

Especially when the trench is badass black.

Check your sleeve length. See how these hit right at his wrists? That's how you make sure you don't look like you're wearing your grandpa's coat. At the store, just make sure the shoulders fit. A tailor can do the rest.





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### THE INFLUENCERS

The Men Who Inspired This Season's Look

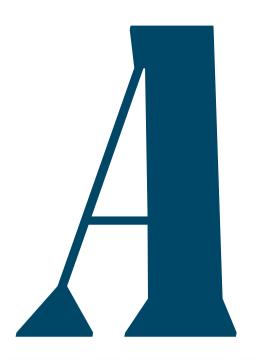
# McCartney After the Beatles

### MAN ON THE RUN

As the Beatles were splitting, McCartney fled to the country with his family—including baby Mary, riding shotgun here—and his style unraveled in the best way possible.

After spending the 1960s as one of the world's most famous men, with every strand of hair on his mop-topped head relentlessly scrutinized, Paul McCartney spent his immediate post-Beatles years stoned and shaggy on a farm in Scotland. Are we allowed to say he looked even better when he let himself go? We're saying it. ZACH BARON explains why Paul in the '70s was the most stylish Paul of them all

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T THE TIME, many people thought he was dead. This suited him, and some days he even acted as if it were true. He let his beard grow. He lay very still in bed. He grimaced and stared at the ceiling and smoked or drank whiskey. Nobody bothered him much, out in the vast anonymity of

Scotland, but when they did it was inevitably weird and fraught—one *Life* magazine photographer recalls him hurling a bucket of food scraps in the direction of his lens after he'd knocked on the door. This was late October 1969. Ever politic, even in his feral state, he eventually put down the bucket and posed, he and Linda and their two daughters looking shaggy and a bit startled out in the windy hills of their property. One of those photos made the *Life* cover the following week, and this was how the world found out that Paul McCartney was still alive. "The Case of the 'Missing' Beatle: Paul is still with us," the cover line read. And he was, sort of.

The Beatles were on the verge of splitting up, though the world didn't quite know it yet. McCartney, grieving the loss and exhausted by all the attention to which he'd had to become accustomed-attention so unrelenting that when he briefly disappeared, rumor immediately declared him deceased-retreated with his family to High Park Farm, a tax shelter of a property he owned but barely visited in Scotland. Looking back on it now, it was almost like a psychic witness-protection program, the way guys like McCartney or Bob Dylan up and vanished there at the vengeful end of the decade. They were people in whom so much was invested that they went into hiding just to cope. The Beatles were crawling toward one death, the psychedelic '60s toward another. It was the moment all the idealism and pent-up energy of the past few bright years had gone sideways and sour. So McCartney went and lay in mud and grew marijuana plants. Dying, he later said, "took a lot out of me."

Eventually he got out of bed, or more accurately Linda got him out of bed, and in turn she became both the impetus and inspiration of *McCartney*, the shambling, mostly home-recorded solo album Paul released the following April, three weeks

before what would turn out to be the Beatles' final document, *Let It Be.* Most of the songs were about being in love and staying inside, because that's what McCartney had spent the past year doing. In a press release for the record, he conducted a mock interview with himself in which he implied the Beatles were over—as it turned out, they were—and then asked himself about his future plans. "My only plan," Paul McCartney told Paul McCartney, "is to grow up."

So commenced a brief but magical moment where McCartney, dopey corny smiley McCartney, stopped trying to please anyone but himself. He was 27, then 28, and for the first time since meeting John Lennon he was on his ownthere were no personalities to wrangle, no outfits to coordinate, no world-beating band in which to lose himself. He tried on moods and identities like a fugitive switching costumes. In 1971 people reported seeing him wandering New York in a beard, a combat jacket, and jeans, sitting on park benches, staring off into space. He would have Linda call around and recruit new studio musicians for mysterious projects she could only hint at over the phone; then he would emerge from the dark for late-night studio sessions wearing old beat-up sweaters, the amnesiac outfit of a Beatle trying to forget he'd been a Beatle.

He was doing complicated, obscurely meaningful things with clothes—going to court, in 1971, to dissolve the Beatles' partnership in the same suit he'd worn to cross the street on the cover of *Abbey Road*. He'd thrift giant coats and walk around in a tangle of tweed. A mullet came and went, as did the giant, untamed beard, as he drank ever deeper from that rare cocktail of money and exile and creative prime in which everything is elevated, even style. Maybe especially style. Think of the Rolling Stones in the South of France, recording *Exile on Main St.*, barefoot and shirtless

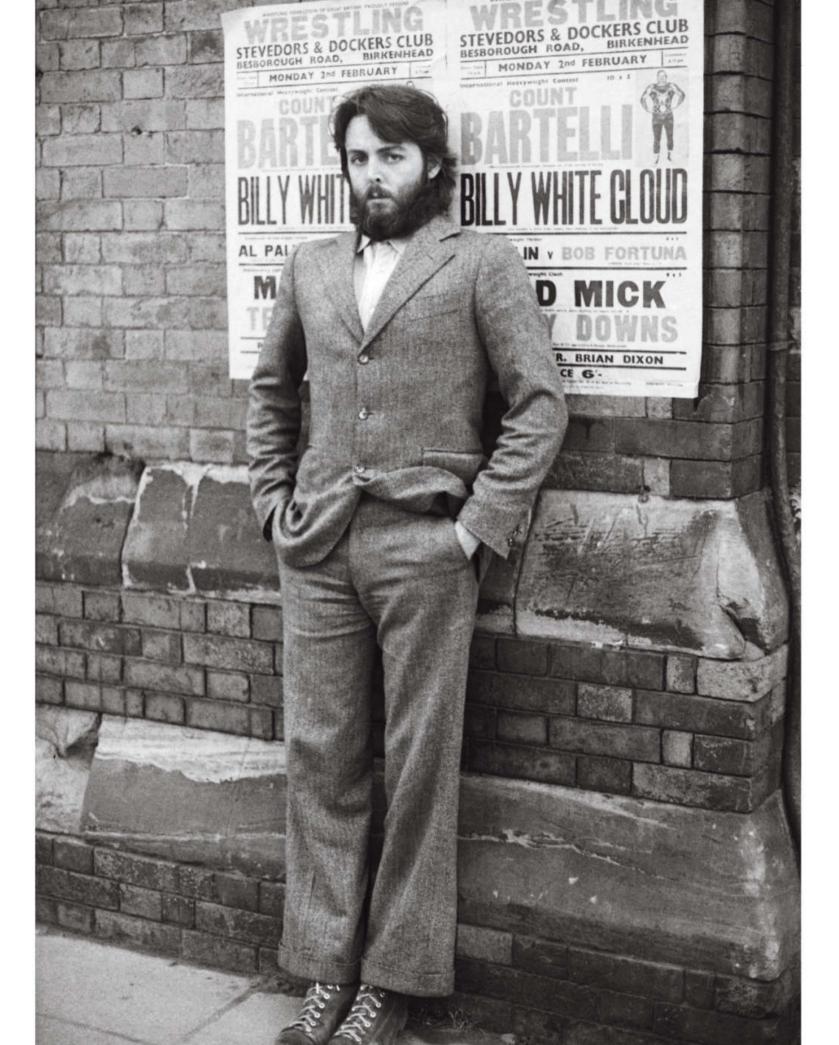
and surrounded by women. They walked around in flowing pajama pants and looked like gods. Dylan in seclusion up in Woodstock, wearing an odd hat, years going by like hours. Kanye West recording My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy in Hawaii, sunglasses and a T-shirt and a heavy heart. These were people who had attained their own gravity, like little planets. They reordered the world around themselves.

A further aside here, about rock-star style. For most of us style is fundamentally practical, a way to make our way through the office that day, or through the bar that evening. Our outfits must be able to survive the harsh fluorescent light of a subway car and the mockery of Tim in sales and the appraising glance of whoever might be two tables over at a restaurant during dinner. But rock stars make their own worlds-they appear on stages, private-jet runways, in mansions in exotic locales, and so their clothes need only respond to those elevated circumstances. We cannot hope to imitate the specifics of their outfits, their spangled American-flag spandex and fringy leather pants and improbable hair, because we have to answer to bad lighting and strangers and taking out the trash. But we can imitate their comfort, their ease, as they wear these preposterous things.

So let us return to High Park Farm in Scotland, where Linda has purchased a tractor for Paul for Christmas and he's riding it around the property in some version of a ski cap, a camel coat, a turtleneck, outfits loosely thrown (text continued on page 161)

### THE B SIDE OF THE BEATLES LOOK

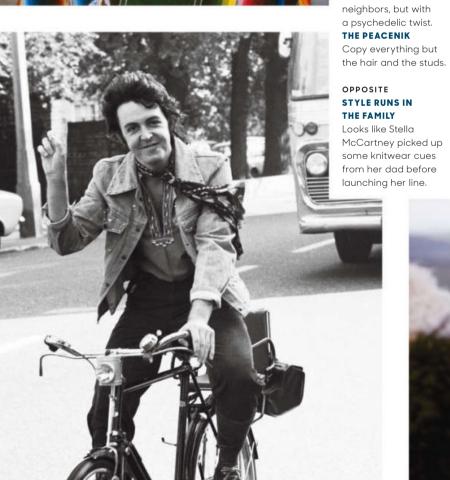
During Beatlemania, Paul and the lads all wore suits and boots. This is a suit, and those are boots, but otherwise the look could not be more different.















together for warmth, or because they were antithetical to the outfits he had worn before, or both. He's working on some songs. He's dressed like a gentleman farmer under the influence of a great deal of marijuana, which in fact he was at that moment. It is the look of a man who is free to wear Wellington boots, to pose in a short-sleeve Henley on the cover of his next album, 1971's Ram, holding the horns of an actual ram. Ram was loose and sweet and prominently featured Linda singing wildly off-key, because why not, and the McCartney family's style and sound were as one: A man with a beard had made these songs after riding a horse to write music every day in a barn over the hill, while running from a past life headlong into a new one. None of the other Beatles liked Ram. That was partly the point.

Soon would come Wings, and Band on the Run, and McCartney would shave, go back to the arenas he'd known as a Beatle. By the end of the decade Wings would sell so many records—more than 100 million!—that the Guinness Book of World Records, in lieu of a better idea, would hand McCartney a trophy made of pure rhodium, an element even more expensive than platinum. But right now he's still got the sheep by the horns. He's in the mud, somewhere far away. He's dressed like a man who's never going back. 

Output

Description:

He tried on moods and identities like a fugitive switching costumes. In 1971 people reported seeing him wandering New York in a beard, a combat jacket, and jeans, sitting on park benches, staring off into space. He would have Linda call around and recruit new studio musicians for mysterious projects she could only hint at over the phone: then he would emerge from the dark for late-night studio sessions wearing old beat-up sweaters, the amnesiac outfit of a Beatle trying to forget he'd been a Beatle.

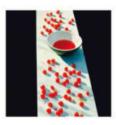
### A VERY DIFFERENT KIND OF PHOTO SHOOT

Paul's most stylish era could've gone undocumented; luckily Linda was as good with a camera as Paul was with a guitar, and the couple spent their days shooting family photos.



### MID-PERIOD McCARTNEY

### A LISTENER'S GUIDE



### McCARTNEY

>1970

Over in Beatles-land. Phil Spector was putting the finishing, super-shiny touches on Let It Be, but Paul McCartney had already moved on-to his home in St. John's Wood, the echoing halls of which can be heard in McCartney's jaunty giggle at the end of the first song here, "The Lovely Linda." Fully antisocial and deliberately casual if not out-and-out tossed off (released three weeks before the final Beatles record!), this is as weird, domestic, and unfiltered as McCartney ever got. John Lennon's verdict: "Rubbish."



### RAM

>1971

Full of caterwauling Linda McCartney backing vocals and not-so-subtle shots at Paul's former bandmates, recorded in New York, and mixed under the influence of 1971 Los Angeles's highest-quality marijuana, Ram was reviled in its time but has since been revived as the psychedelic couples-therapy cult classic it always kinda was. If you want to know just how strange and dissonant things were in the bitter aftermath of a long and idealism-filled decade, listen to this record. John Lennon's verdict as rendered on 1971's response track, "How Do You Sleep?": The sound you make is Muzak to my ears / You must have learned something in

all those years.



### **WILD LIFE** > 1971

Two albums in

one year, you say? Would it help to know that five of the eight songs were studio first takes? Or that the opening lyrics on track two, "Bip Bop," are Bip bop, bip bip bop? Also: an extremely superfluous and borderline-offensive "reggae" remake of Mickey & Sylvia's "Love Is Strange." Wild Life was the first McCartney record to be credited to his '70s soft-rock juggernaut, Wings,

and was recorded,

by design, on the

fly and with little

Paul McCartney's

verdict, as recorded

in Tom Doyle's Man

on the Run: "It wasn't

perhaps as good as

some of the others."

fore- or afterthought.



### BAND ON THE RUN >1973

>19/3
Recorded in Lagos,
Nigeria, this was
the record that

the record that truly prompted McCartney's return to the spotlight and brought an end to the solitary, weedsmoking haze in which he'd spent the past three years. Wings-maudlin, arena-crushing, chart-dominating Wings-would now take flight. Free agent McCartneythat weird dude with a weird beardwould vanish, and never really return.-Z.B.





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### SUREFIRE STYLE MOVE

# The New Definition of Business Casual







▶ The business part is a sweet shirtand-tie combo. The casual part is a **crewneck sweater.** (Yep, that's really all this look has to it.) Put it all together and you'll never have to worry about the annoying vagaries of the modern office dress code again

### THE ONES TO GET



Because fashion is kinda finicky, the preppy (and once omnipresent) V-neck has fallen out of favor. In its place, a thousand crewnecks have risen, from stripes Jack White would wear to cable knits and skater sweatshirts.

Sweater\_Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane: \$590 Shirt and tie\_Saint Laurent by Hedi Slimane

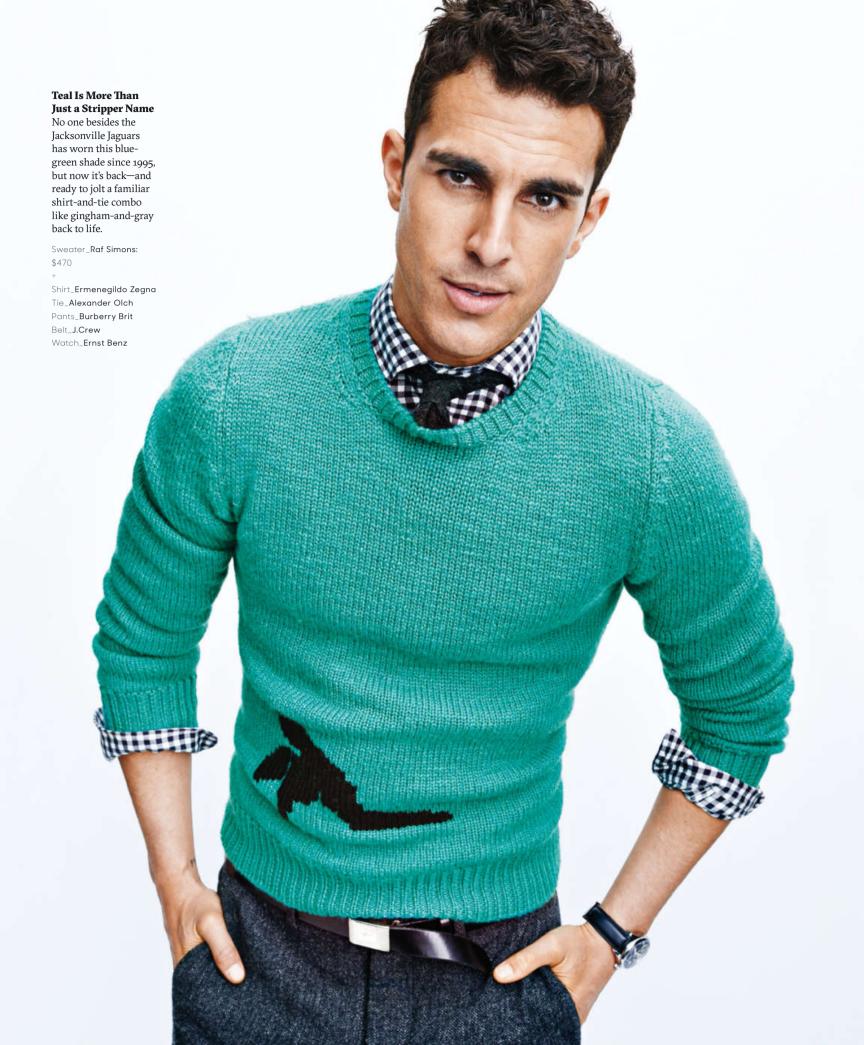


Sweater\_Dsquared2: \$890 Shirt\_Mark McNairy New Amsterdam Tie\_The Tie Bar



Sweatshirt\_Band of Outsiders: \$195 Shirt\_Band of Outsiders Tie\_Alexander Olch







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THREE WAYS TO GET DOWN

Zegna is known for its advanced technical use of fabrics, Michael Bastian for his precise fit and impeccable taste. And Moncler Gamme Bleu—designed by Thom Browne—will make a big statement from the streets to the slopes.



Moncler Gamme Bleu: \$2,705

THE ONES TO GET

Michael Bastian: \$1,645



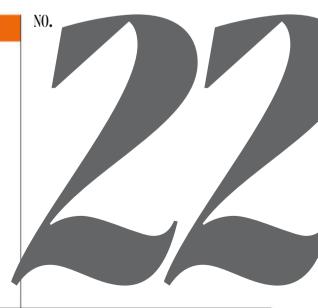




▶ Sure, the colors and patterns on some of these **down ski jackets** are retro-inspired—look no further than *Back to the Future* to get the idea—but the technology behind the materials, construction, and insulation would blow Doc's wig back. The new puffers are designed to trump your peacoat and keep you cozy even when the polar vortex starts to swirl

DRESS MORE MCFLY

## The 80s Puffer



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NO.

### THE TECH ERA OF A PREHISTORIC FABRIC

# Killer Tweed



▶ Designers aren't buying yardage of just the same old Harris Tweed anymore—they're searching high and low for new colors, softer weaves, and even tradition—defying stuff like the **three-dimensional tweed** at right that looks like optical art you can wear. Then they're cutting it into razor—sharp suits that could only be from 2015

### THE ONES TO GET

### YOUR ART-HISTORY PROFESSOR NEVER WORE IT LIKE THIS

When shopping for a suit, consider the rest of your closet. Full of earth tones? Veer toward brown. A sea of green? You know what to do.

Suit\_David Hart: \$1,295 Shirt\_Burberry London



Suit\_Boss: \$1,045 Sweater\_J.Crew Shirt and pocket square\_



### GO AHEAD, GET IT BLOODY

Fully on board with the tweed thing? Do like **Norman Reedus** and go for the three-piece.

Suit, shirt, and tie Polo Ralph Lauren











☀ This is what we're thinking happened here: Lenny Kravitz
really needed
to hit the co-op for some chia seeds and realized on his way out that it was a little nippy outside. So he just grabbed a blanket off the couch and tossed it over his shoulder. But friends don't let friends wear blankets on the street—and we're your friends, Lenny. If it's really that cold, go with the jacket.

GQ STYLE FALL + WINTER 2015

 $\longrightarrow$ 

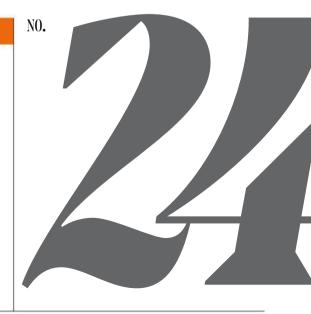
In his younger, less leathery days, **Rod Stewart** was a legendary rock 'n' roll frontman and swordsman. (That's him in 1977 with the Swedish actress, Bond girl, and eventual wife of Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.) He was also an accomplished clotheshorse who could totally pull off the jumbo-scarf look. How'd he do it? Three words: Con. Fi. Dence.

▶ Yep, we're at the point in menswear where even scarves have trends. Don't believe us? Try walking outside in a dinky little neckerchief and see if you don't feel silly (and cold). The idea now is to wrap your neck in an XXL-size wool scarf that retains heat and comes with a built-in personality. How to wear it? Any way you want, as long as it's not dragging on the floor



IT'S PRACTICALLY A COAT IN ITSELF

# The Terribly Long & Awfully Warm Scarf



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NO.

FASHION'S NEW FRANKENSTEIN

## Introducing the Sneakerboot









Even die-hard sneaker freaks like **Lewis Hamilton** have ditched their retro Air Jordans for sneakerboots like the Yeezy Boost. Chances are he didn't have to camp outside to buy his, though.



▶ With all due respect to the Prius, these shoes are the most radical hybrids we've seen lately. We call them sneakerboots, and they represent a whole new category of footwear: futuristic hiking boots with a cross-trainer's sole (and soul). If there ever was a time to become a sneakerhead, it's now

### THE ONES TO GET



A SHORTCUT ON THE LONG CLIMB TO STYLISHNESS

As you ascend Fashion Mountain, you can continue alternating between sneakers and boots like the other poor saps. Or you can embrace the sneakerboot, with its sturdy hardware and cushiony sole, and dust them all.

Canali: \$875



**Z Zegna**: \$650



Dsquared2: \$900



Trekking to Paris
These are the boots you break out when you've got to cross the Alps to get to Fashion Week.

Louis Vuitton: \$1,570







### THE INFLUENCERS

The Trilogy That Inspired This Season's Look

# Star Wars

► Yeah, yeah, we know the first three *Star Wars* movies were supposedly set a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away—but wow, do the costumes look up-to-the-minute modern. Maybe it's because, as **TOM CARSON** points out, today's designers grew up watching Luke, Han, Lando, and Darth

### THAT'S WHY THEY CALL HIM A VISIONARY

No one could've guessed back in 1977 that guys in 2015 would be wearing shaggy hair, shearling coats, and judo-inspired athletic wear. Score one for George Lucas.





O WHATEVER extent we think about Star Wars style at all, most of us think of costumes. Not dressing to the nines, but dressing up for *Plan 9*—a pastime that's a whole lot more permissible for adults nowadays than it was back when Trekkies were boomerland's version of the Amish, but nonetheless nobody's idea of daywear.

### IT'S THE MILLENNIUM FALCON OF JACKETS

Han Solo was a wisecracking hotshot pilot—and he imbued this military number with some sex appeal. Now the same jacket is having a moment here in the Milky Way. (See chapter 28 for details.)

Kids may love the cantina scene to death, but grown-up men and the designers who keep us looking spruce don't check out that galaxy far away for *fashion* cues, do they?

Wrong you are, young Skywalker. From parkas meant to rebuke planet Hoth's eternal winter to flap-pocket jackets suitable for a Rebel Alliance pilot, the *Star Wars* look is more with us than ever. Case in point, the Smithsonian's—yes, the Smithsonian's—traveling exhibition *Rebel, Jedi, Princess, Queen: Star Wars and the Power of Costume,* which opened in Seattle last January and is due to hit a clutch of other cities between now and 2020.



If Alexander Wang's sportswear is all about winning Luke Skywalker over to the Dark Side, Rick Owens sometimes seems to have dedicated himself to turning Han Solo into an Ewok—unless it's the other way around.

More telltale proof never stops turning up on fashion runways worldwide. Those mod haircuts, that blunt black-white-and-gunmetal-gray palette interrupted by outbreaks of reassuringly Searsfriendly beige and scorched-earth desert storms, that uncanny combination of gnarly resourcefulness and children's-book simplicity—c'mon, George Lucas should sue. Most movies with comparable fashion legacies primarily influence women's fashions, but the Princess Leia look has never been in much demand. This one's all about the guys.

If Alexander Wang's sportswear is all about winning Luke Skywalker over to the Dark Side, Rick Owens sometimes seems to have dedicated himself to turning Han Solo into an Ewok—unless it's the other way around. As for born-again fashion maven Kanye West, well...Boba Fett sure casts a long shadow, doesn't he? Almost forty years after the summer a movie we hadn't yet learned to obediently call *Star Wars: Episode IV—A New* 

Hope first wowed multiplexers fed up with downbeat 1970s murk, the film's backward-looking idea of tomorrow looks the opposite of dated.

So let's hand it to the Academy for a totally uncharacteristic piece of prescience. An also-ran in the major Oscar categories for which it earned nominations—Best Picture, Directing, and Original Screenplay, along with a Supporting Actor nod to Sir Alec Guinness—Star Wars predictably swept the technical categories for 1977. Not too surprisingly, John Williams, who was competing against his own score for Close Encounters of the Third Kind that year, took home the third of his career-total five Oscars for the DAT-duh-dut-dah theme music. As Dark Knight fans well know, this kind of segregated acknowledgement was (and is) typical of how Hollywood honors box-office megabucks without quite calling the results art.

But somewhat less expected was this unabashed popcorn flick's well-deserved gold statuette for

Art Direction. Most unorthodox of all was *Star Wars*' win for Costume Design, since that's a prize Academy voters more often hand out to stultifyingly distinguished-looking period pictures. (If you care, *Julia*'s 1930s haute couture and *A Little Night Music*'s late-Victorian folderol were the obvious picks. Just try to imagine how steamed their wardrobe mavens felt at losing out to a bunch of space rubes battling KitchenAid appliances.)

What the Academy got right is that design and music are the primary ways the original *Star Wars* communicates what the heck it's all about. Sure, the movie's dialogue often sounds as if Lucas had set himself the task of creating the planet's first-ever G-rated porn flick. No question, the plot is so primitive that even Mickey Spillane would have wanted to toss in a corkscrew or two. What Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, and even Guinness do has the same relationship to interesting acting that Crayola does to a Rembrandt.

But man, did Papa George know how he wanted everything (and everyone) to look. That's why *Star Wars* may've been the first major production since Charlie Chaplin's heyday to make as much sense in Djibouti as it did in Des Moines. Grumpy old cine-heads—and there are plenty of them, peering suspiciously out at this silly world from inside forts built out of Robert Altman DVDs—may blame



Lucas for infantilizing movies. They don't give him enough credit for bringing back the universal (i.e., nonverbal) language that film was in its silent days.

Costume designer John Mollo, who also did *The Empire Strikes Back*, has said his marching orders from the director were simple: "Audiences mustn't consciously notice the costumes." Yet that was just another way of saying that everybody's outfits, cartoon-style, should telegraph their personality and outlook so directly that behavior and appearance would be one and the same thing. Even Darth Vader's carapace, which obviously *does* draw our attention, plays by that rule.

Basically, they all look like their names, and who among us doesn't daydream of that? (Proving that Lucas's crowd-pleasing genius and his milewide clumsy streak are inseparable, those cut-to-the-chase monikers are exactly what a more "sophisticated" filmmaker would shun.) Besides the way the snowy white of Luke's karate-novice outfit links him to Leia long before we know they're siblings, his Jedi tunic tells us early on that he's not only a pure-hearted innocent but, crucially, a pupil. When he graduates to tougher getups—above all, that begoggled, rugged sleeveless-parka look on *Empire*'s planet Hoth—we're growing up along with him.

If Han Solo's basic space-cowboy look doesn't evolve nearly as much, that's because it's got no

good reason to. The first time we meet him, he's already Han Solo, and the key to his appearance (like so much of *Star Wars'* iconic imagery) is that he represents a child's idea of virility. It's an archetype that zaps right into our brains without any interference from our conscious minds.

By and large, everybody's signature outfits aren't wardrobes so much as individual uniforms—the same contradiction in terms designers never stop striving for. Because *Star Wars* is a fairy tale, as opposed to the kind of sci-fi that fetishizes fake verisimilitude, Mollo's idea of credible costumes was more freewheeling than, say, Stanley Kubrick's in *2001: A Space Odyssey.* But he succeeded by never forgetting that he was designing activewear. However fanciful everybody's occupations may be, their clothes are purposeful and job-oriented, not aimlessly decorative. It's all too typical of the second trilogy's loss of clarity that its costumes, along with everything else, look silly by comparison.

Since most men's fashion was still hung up on tinkering with the classic business suit—remember, Calvin Klein and Ralph Lauren were just hitting their stride at the time—the original's transformative effect on our notions of style shouldn't be underestimated. We may still aspire to be James Bond when it's tux time, but half the joggers in Central Park hope they look like Luke Skywalker;

### DRESS FOR BLIZZARDS THE JEDI WAY

As Luke knows all too well, the absolute warmest protection from sub-zero temps is found in the belly of a dead Tauntaun. Barring that, we recommend a fur-trimmed parka.

the Force is (huff, puff) with them. The same goes for all of us who can hardly go out for milk without gearing up as if we're hitting a 7-Eleven on planet Alderaan, and where Nike and Adidas would be without *Star Wars* is anyone's guess.

The movie's sartorial impact derives from its very American fusion of mythic garb with casual, everyday clothes. Just as Lucas wanted, though, the movie's costumes can't be separated from the rest of its effect, which ultimately was and is psychological. He grasped back in 1977 that we craved old-fashioned heroes—virtuous knights, western gunslingers—but could only buy them in fantasy settings. Yet ignoring distinctions between fantasy and reality is pretty much fashion's reason for being, and ever since Ronald Reagan became our first Luke Skywalker president, it's increasingly been America's as well. Is it any wonder that *Star Wars'* look has never gone out of style? For better or worse, the Gospel of Papa George never has, either. 

Output

Description:

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WIN THE WINTER

## The Topcoat Times Two

Dress Like This Issue A tweed DB. A crewneck over a tie. *GQ Style* trends don't stand alone; they work together.

Coat\_**Tom Ford:** \$4,490 + Sweater, shirt, tie, and jeans\_**Tom Ford** 







▶ Here's a shortcut to having the most stylish winter of your life: Invest in a double-breasted topcoat. Yes, it feels twice as warm as a normal topcoat. But even better, you'll look as rakish as James Dean (more on him soon) every time you step out the door



Fear Not the Extra Breast

JESSY HEUVELINK, head designer of J.Lindeberg, eases you into your new double-breasted topcoat A DB is a power garment—
it will make you feel more
powerful. When I look at
officers from the First and
Second World Wars, they
looked incredible and superelegant. That vision of a
put-together man in uniform
is the most stylish aesthetic

ideal you can achieve."







### WHAT'S THAT JACKET, MERLOT?

The days of your coat options being limited to black, navy, and herringbone tweed are blessedly kaput. Designers have fetishized (peak and notch lapels!), colorized (wine red!), and patternized (lumberjack plaid in green!) everything.



### THE ONES TO GET

J.Lindeberg: \$2,000







### Bite This Style

Without TMZ and their pesky paparazzi, we would have missed these great moments in double-breastedjacket history. Thank you, Harvey. (Just this once.)



 Bradley Cooper matches the military heritage of his DB coat with a pair of aviators and tough-guy facial scruff.



 When you have a collar this bold, make like Jon Hamm and pop it. It'll keep your neck cozy and make you look extra important.



• Kanye West can teach you two things: (1) how to wear a double-breasted coat open without letting it look all floppy and (2) how to scowl like a champ.



 We're not sure if
 John Legend is cheesing because of his coat or the bombshell on his arm. (Sorry for cropping you out, Chrissy.)



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California water politics aren't the only thing back in style from Chinatown. We dig the way Jack Nicholson's foulard tie plays off the beige colors in his dress shirt, hat, and three-piece suit. If you can master that kind of monochromatic color play, you are officially a man of impeccable style. If you're still getting there, well, a foulard tie is a strong step in the right direction.

► Maybe you compete with your work friends over who has the freshest neckwear. Or maybe you just like to pillage fashion history for your own edification. Either way, our favorite tie right now has an all-over pattern, a retro heritage, and a funny name: **the foulard.** The pattern can be pretty much anything, from traditional paisleys to newfangled stuff like weed leaves and prayer-hands emoji. (If you see one with GQ logos, call our lawyers)

### SNEAK ONE BY YOUR UPTIGHT H.R. GUY



### THE ONES TO GET

From a distance, you can't always tell what's going on with these patterns. So that prickly bastard from H.R. will really have to get in your face to notice whether the print on your tie is wobbly circles, hairy amoebas, or...tiny sperm.



FROM LEFT Etro: \$176 | Alexander Olch: \$150 | Sand Copenhagen: \$120

THE STRIPED TIE STRIPES OUT

# The Return of the Geezer Tie



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IN THE FIELD

### Fashion's New Militant Streak

Last year's must-have military piece was the bomber jacket; this year it's the four-pocket coats you see here. Technically, some are motorcycle touring jackets and others are M65s, but in our minds they're all field coats utilitarian fall layers that marched down the runways in countless variations. What they have in common are two chest pockets and two hip pockets all deep enough to stash an iPhone, a vape pen, a comb, some snacks, a wad of cash, an extra charger...

### THE ONES TO GET

Dunhill: \$2,200



A JACKET FOR EVERY THE MANLY REALM

Need a blazer fit for a general? Or a topcoat that's not so bankerish? Or a jean jacket a painter would wear? If it's got four patch pockets, you're good.

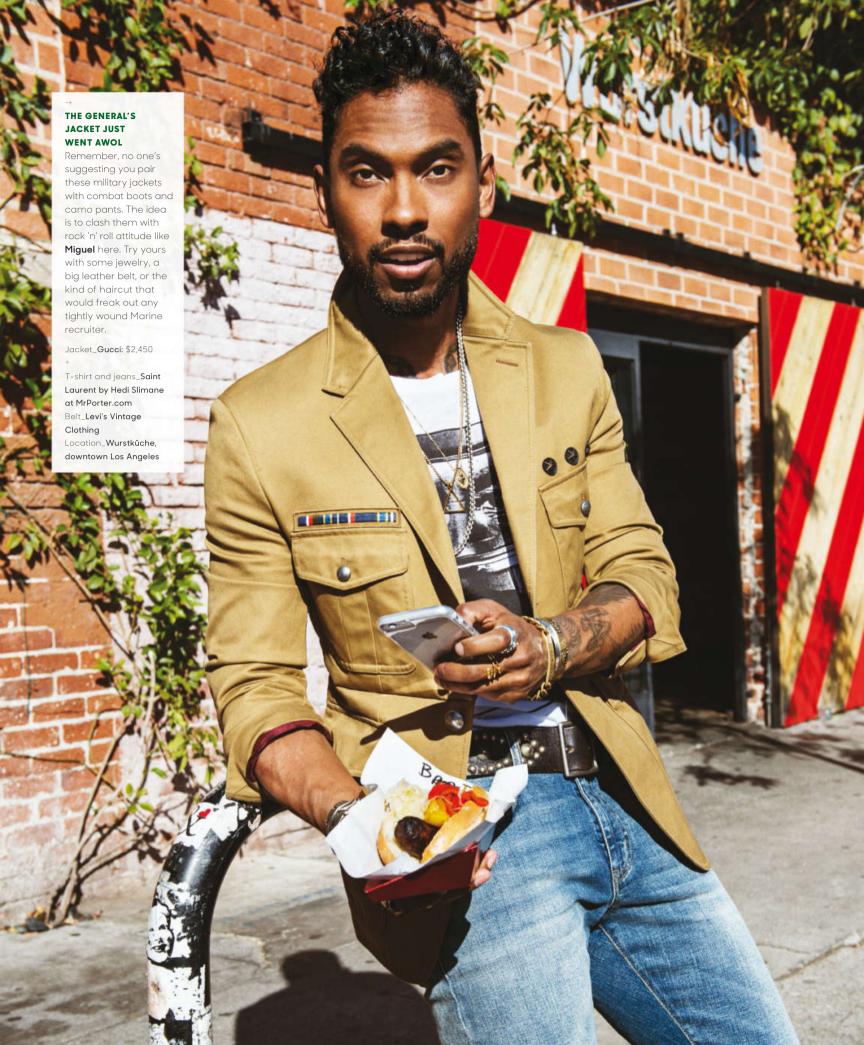












### **But What Do** I Wear It With?

Anything you've got, partner. You could try syncing it up with the green jacket we already showed you, or you could just wear whatever you'd go with if the watch were stone-cold steel.

Bulova Accutron II: \$450

Filson: \$600

Citizen: \$225 Rolex: \$9,050

Coach: \$295 Shinola: \$550

Salvatore

Ferragamo: \$1,395

Tudor: \$4,100

▶ Remember how we told you green is menswear's most underrated color? (See page 120.) The watch wizards in Geneva got word and have turned just about every style of wristwatch green. You can opt for a militaryinspired nylon strap if Top Gun is your favorite movie. (Goooooose!) Or you can opt for a leather or metal one if you're more the Ocean's Eleven type

NO.





TIME IS MONEY

# Sick, Slick



## Green Machines

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NO.

EVERY CARPET IS A RED CARPET

# Fear of a Black Tie

▶ The past few years, we've seen celebrities push red-carpet style into previously uncharted territory. All that Hollywood ambition has ushered in a better, snazzier world where even us laymen can look beyond the penguin suit for our dressiest nights out. Here we present the latest and greatest of the countless new **tuxedos in non-black colors** (like navy, white, and plaid), plus alternatives to the traditional neckwear, and even a tux jacket with a turtleneck (if you're so inclined). Gentlemen, we officially invite you to make your next black-tie occasion a no-tie-and-sneakers event

### The Rebel Guide to Black Tie

Among the increasingly daring Hollywood set, **Jared Leto** does offbeat formalwear better than anyone, taking hella risks without ever looking like a joker.



 When you're ready to shake up your tux game, start with a blue dinner jacket and tux pants. Then work your way up to the spangly slippers.



In the Old World, white tie is even more formal than black tie. But with the right grooming and styling, this ivory rig still feels utterly rock 'n' roll.



 Consider this a public-service announcement that if your tux fits correctly, you can pull off all kinds of craziness. Even lavender.



### THE ONES TO GET



WEDDING TO ATTEND? THE PARTY STARTS RIGHT HERE

Instead of thinking, "Oh shit, I don't know what to wear to this wedding!" think, "Oh shit, I can't wait to bring my A game to this wedding!" Then pick your poison: champagne (top row), scotch (bottom left), or peyote (bottom right).











GQ STYLE FALL + WINTER 2015













\* Look, kids, it's a bullfighting magician! Oh, no, wait, it's a Sgt. Pepper's wax statue! Dang, sorry, it's just Macklemore at the MTV Movie Awards, making insane wardrobe decisions. The fringed cape is the most obvious, um, situation here, but let's not overlook the black-on-black shirt-tie combo that screams "Regis Philbin." While we applaud the notion of taking a chance, the goal with creative black tie is to bend the rules, not make a mockery of them.

### Credits

Photographer (throughout): Tom Schirmacher Hair: Losi at Martial Vivot Salon. Grooming: Kumi Craig using Tom Ford for Men.

### Mastheads

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From left: Clare Muller/ Redferns/Getty Images; David Thorpe/Associated Newspapers/Rex USA Pages 62-63

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### This Year's Power Suit

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### The Business-Ready Parka

Sebastian Kim

Totally Un-Grungy Flannel

Peggy Sirota

### Fall Colors Are

Page 79 From left: Alasdair

McLellan; Ben Watts Page 80 Clockwise from bottom

left: Yannis Vlamos/ GoRunway (2); Kim Weston Arnold/ GoRunway

### The Influencers: Yves Saint Laurent (the Man. Not the Mark)

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Franck/Magnum Photos Pages 90-91

Courtesy of Fondation Pierre Bergé-Yves Saint

### The Fashion Move That'll Save Your Neck

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Clockwise from bottom center: Gianni Pucci/ GoRunway; courtesy of Bally; Kim Weston Arnold/ GoRunway; Columbia Records/Michael Ochs Archives/Getty Images; Gareth Cattermole/ Getty Images

### Pinstripes That Blur Work and Play

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### A Tan You Can Keep All Winter Long

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Demarchelier; Moviestore Collection Page 107 Clockwise from bottom

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Eric Ray Davidson

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Bottom right: Lloyd Bishop/NBC/NBCU Photo Bank/Getty Images

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The VisualEyes Archive/ Redferns/Getty Images

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Credits Pages 194-195 Lizzie Himmel

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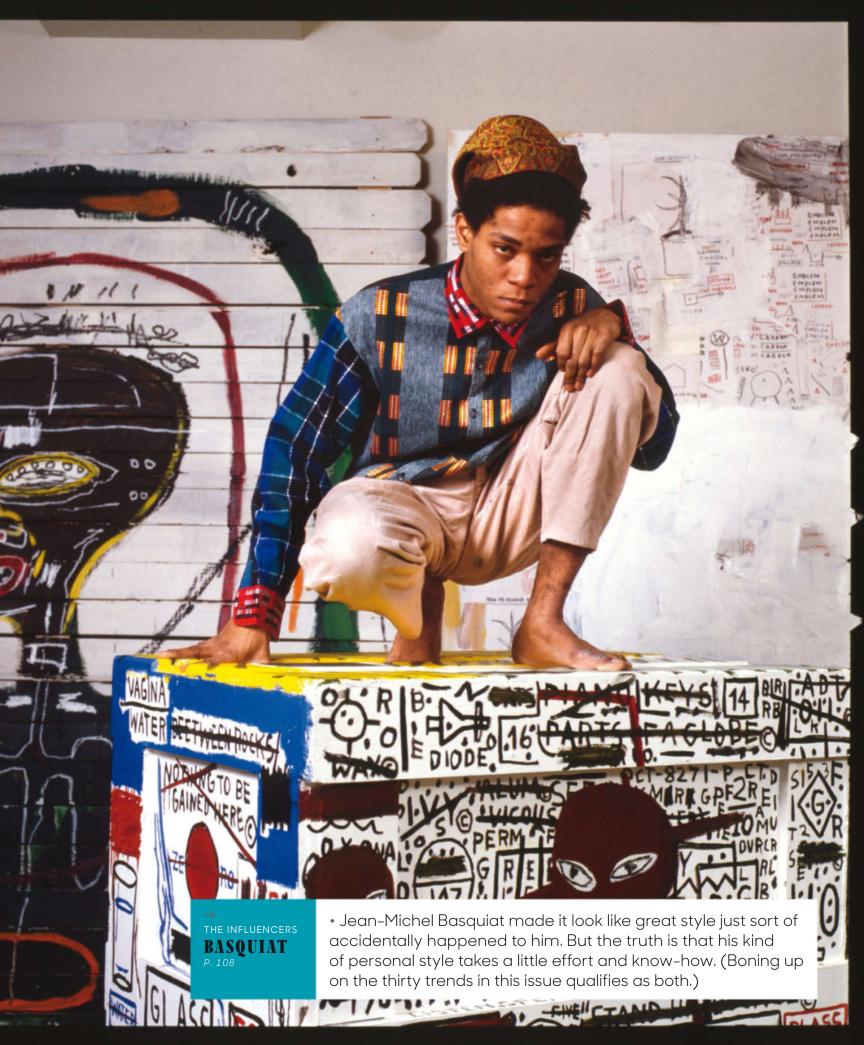
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